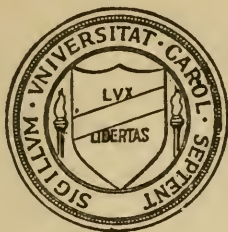


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In Memoriam
James Daniel Moore
1846-1905

g.



Fraternally yours,
J. A. Moore.

James Daniel Moore

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

PRESSES OF
EDWARDS & BROUGHTON PRINTING CO.,
PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS,
RALEIGH, N. C.

PUBLISHED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION
BY MARTHA J. MOORE,
GASTONIA, N. C.

To
The Dear Memory of
James Daniel Moore,
the husband of her youth
and the companion and solace of her
maturer years,
this little volume is dedicated
in sorrowing affection
by His Widow.

Prefatory Note.

MORE than a year ago I was requested by Mrs. J. D. Moore to prepare in printed form as complete a collection as possible of the obituary matter which was variously published upon the death of her lamented husband. These biographical sketches, tributes of respect, and eulogies of his life and character she wished to gather in a single collection that could be preserved by friends as a memorial and by her children as a precious keepsake. Some, but very naturally not all, of these notices had been caught as they appeared, and were laid away by members of the family. The gathering of the many still scattered tributes, the collection of new material, the preparation and arrangement of all the matter and the illustrations, and the supervision of the printing involved no small draft upon time and energies already well taken up by other duties. Hence I hesitated to commit myself to the task of compilation—hesitated, not because I wished to escape performing a labor of love in memory of one of the best and closest friends I ever had, but because I was mindful that so many things constantly arise to prevent a busy newspaper man from keeping a promise of this kind after he has made it. Time has verified the accuracy of my reasoning and justified the reluctance with which I accepted the trust.

At such spare times as I could command I have collected the printed material, the special articles, and the illustrations, and have woven them together in this commemorative volume. Of the illustrations it should be said that several of them were chosen because of their almost inseparable association with memories of Mr. Moore, among this number being Globe Academy, South Fork Institute, the Modena Cotton Mills, and the Baptist churches shown. For the use of the two illustrations of the 26th North Carolina Regiment the compiler is indebted to the courtesy of Hon. Walter Clark, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, who edited the Regimental Histories from which they were taken. It is due also that acknowledgment be made of the kindly interest and assistance of Rev. Hight C. Moore, without

which so much would have been lacking to make this memorial what it should be.

It has been two years to-day since Mr. Moore died, and I am just finding my work completed. I wish it were done better ; but here it is—a labor of love, however imperfect it be in expression.

THE COMPILER.

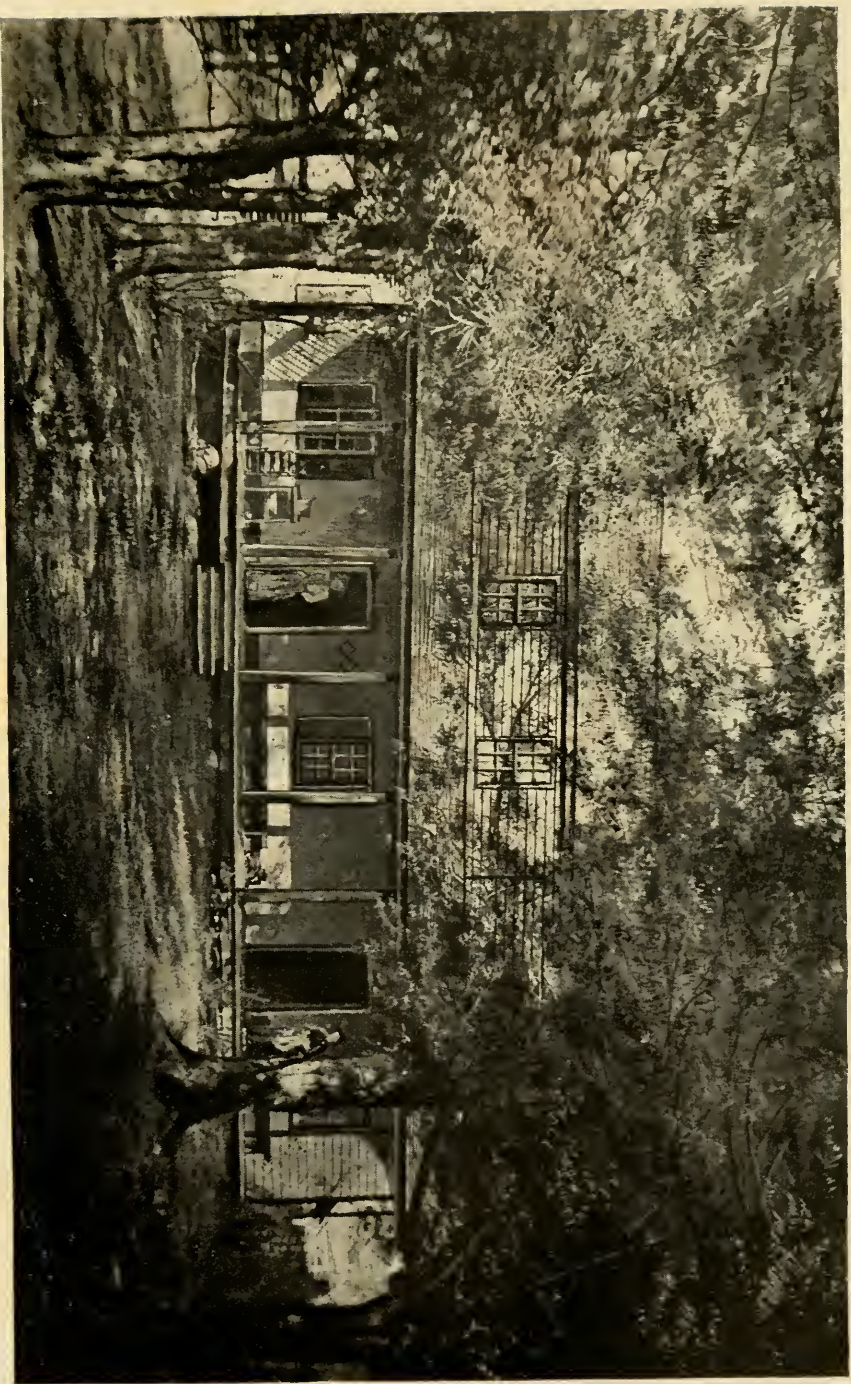
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA,
August 6, 1907.

Contents.

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I. The Old Home.....	9
II. A Soldier of the South.....	14
III. A Soldier of the Cross.....	21
IV. The Husband's Help-Meet.....	28
V. The Sudden Summons.....	30
VI. Under a Coverlet of Roses.....	32
VII. Three Favorite Hymns.....	34
VIII. Tears and Flowers.....	37
IX. A Character Great in Grateful Service.....	44
X. The Big Poplar: A Giant of the Woodland.....	47
XI. The Crossing	52
XII. A Sun-Crowned Life.....	56

List of Illustrations.

	FACING PAGE
J. D. Moore and Autograph.....	1
The Old Home in Globe.....	8
The Old Home—South End.....	9
As You Look Southward from the Old Home.....	10
Globe Academy—Blue Ridge in the Distance.....	11
The Ford and Foot-Bridge.....	14
A Soldier at 15—Officers and Privates 26th Regiment.....	16
Officers 26th Regiment.....	18
South Fork Institute.....	25
Martha J. Moore and Autograph.....	28
The Moore Home in Gastonia.....	30
First Baptist Church of Gastonia.....	32
Original Gastonia Baptist Church.....	33
Modena Mill, No. 1.....	38
Modena Mill, No. 2.....	39
Asleep	60



THE OLD HOME IN GLOBE, FRONTING EAST.
“Through an avenue of elderly cedars.”



THE OLD HOME—SOUTH END.
“The woodland slopes upward from yard and garden.”

CHAPTER I.

The Old Home.

"The heart loves to associate itself with some spot ancestral and dear, and call it home."

HIS childhood home in a skyland valley—enter, if you will, its open door in the train of welcome guests; rest a while by the cordial hearth, and catch some of the beams it threw into the life that is ended here.

It is a plain, two-story country mansion, painted in white and green, with high chimneys, long porch, comfortable rooms, and generous premises. You look outward through an attractive avenue of elderly cedars, brought hither long ago from Charlotte and Columbia, when those were the nearest markets. Just outside the front gate lies the highway pounded by many a mountain hoof and wheel. Directly beyond roll the crystal waters of the Estes prong of John's River, hurrying downward from the cool heights and nooks of the Blue Ridge. Almost from the river's rim the intercepting hillocks rise eastward to greet the morning sun. To the rear, the woodland slopes upward from yard and garden, and joining it there is a beautiful green knoll curving over to the water-mill on the Gragg prong of the river, commanding a view down the valley, shaded by occasional oaks, grazed by many generations of sheep and kine, and crowned by the sacred enclosure of the family graveyard. Up the valley a few rods the enclosing mountains break off into the river, and down-stream the valley opens out beautifully into field after field as a flower unfolds its petals. And overtopping these and myriads of other valleys and foot-hills rises the majestic Grandfather, his great blue sides bony with ridge and rock, his granite crest uprearing toward the stars.

A beautiful spot; and here, of parents worthy of any son, with blood as pure and vigorous as ever ran in any vein, into a family of brothers and sisters united in perpetual devotion, on a January

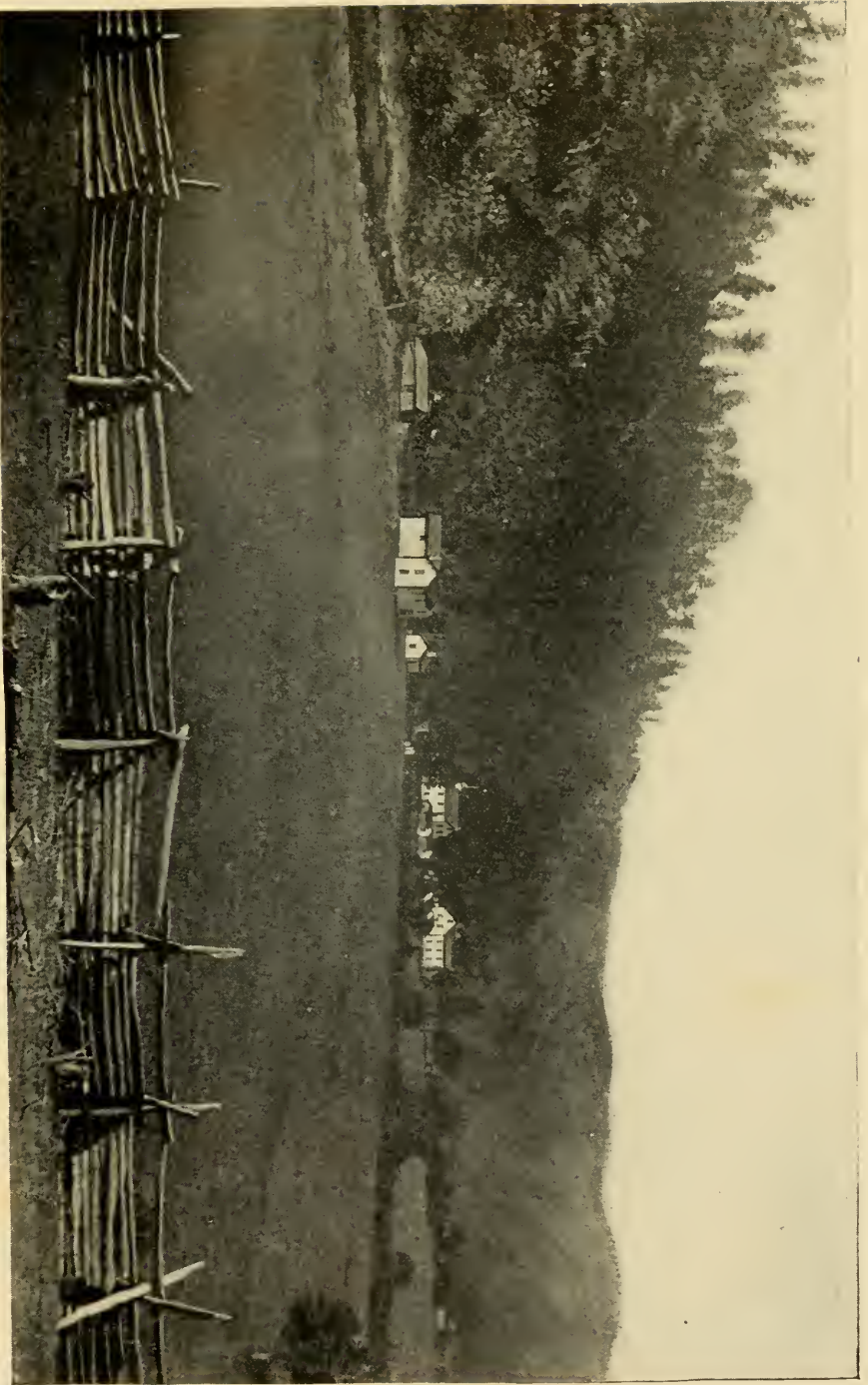
day in 1846, was born James Daniel Moore, the best all-round product of Globe Valley since its first clearing by the original Jesse Moore a century and a half ago.

* * *

Narrow was the little world about him, but it was broad enough for the foundations of a noble life. Son of a farmer, he was taught the secrets and arts of the soil: following the plow, swinging the scythe, herding the stock, clearing the "new ground," harrowing in wheat, gathering the crops, and the thousand duties of the busy farm. But there was the relaxation of sport, such as swimming in the mill-pond or some "deep hole" in the river; blackberrying on field-margins or huckleberrying on woodland ridges; wrestling, pitching quoits, playing "base," lifting heavy weights, and other old-time school-boy games; fishing for eel and catfish, perch and "suckers" and speckled trout; hunting for quail and squirrel, fox and wildcat, deer and bear. The score of families in his immediate community were of the purest Anglo-Saxon stock in America, and Elizabethan words were yet upon their lips. His school advantages were not extensive but fundamental, and he never forgot his debt to such early schoolmasters as Charlie Dickson and William Farthing. Of course the influence of the church was primal in his unfolding life; thither his young feet were directed and the voices of Elders Craig and Harrison and Moody lingered with him as sweet memories throughout the years. And thus it was that in a lovely valley, whose fields were rich with grain and fruit and whose enclosing hills were untortured as yet by lumberman or forest fire, he toughened his sinews till they became strings of steel, lifted his eyes skyward in yearning aspiration, enriched his life with the flavor of Nature at her fairest and best, and broadened his horizon from many a peak of blue, though Pack Hill or Rough Ridge were in the way. Such, and much more, was the bed-rock upon which the structure of his life was reared.

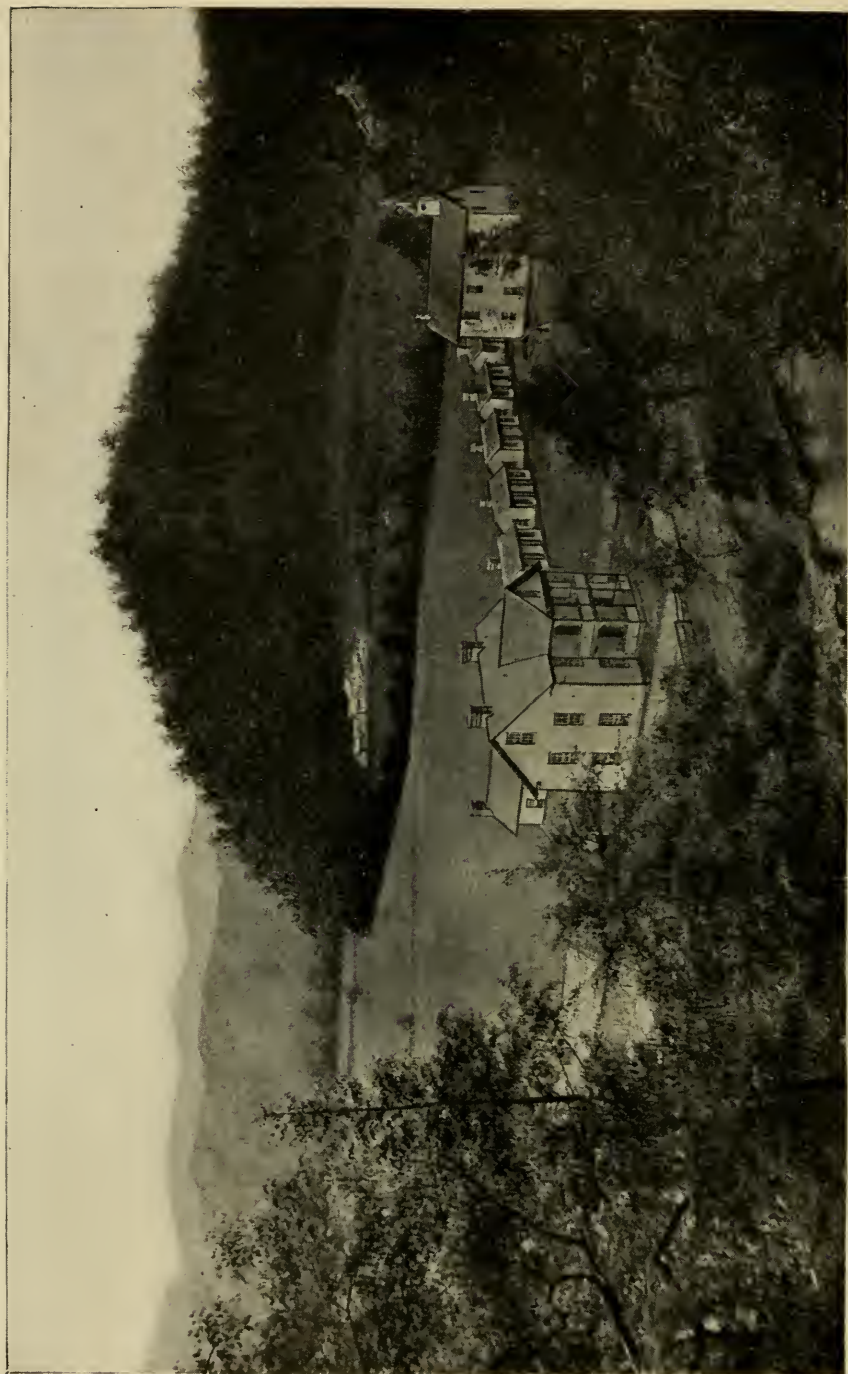
* * *

The Dark Sixties drew on, Mars raised his banners and called the legions to war. With a dash, valor, and chivalry worthy of



AS YOU LOOK SOUTHWARD FROM THE OLD HOME.

"Sweet it was,
As the white mists of morning rolled away,
To see the mountain's wooded heights appear
Dark in the early dawn."



GLOBE ACADEMY—BLUE RIDGE IN NORTHWEST DISTANCE.

“There seemed a contest—Earth and Sky,
Which should the greater glory yield.”

elder Southrons, "Jimmie" Moore, of Globe, went to the front, the youngest soldier in the Confederate Army.* He faltered not in camp or field, and at bloody Gettysburg he figured in a world's record and fell twice wounded there. Home on a furlough, he raised his musket in the defence of loved ones against a band of prowling "Bushwhackers," who, professing sympathy with the Union, were only bent on private plunder. Back then to the army once more, now as a cavalryman, till peace was declared; and in all the army there was no truer, braver soldier that laid down arms than the soldier-lad from the valley of Globe.

* * *

Out into the wide world his lot has now been cast, and so the old home becomes henceforth a Mecca for pilgrim feet. From out the West after the war he returned to the home acres and opened a school at the forks of the river, where he had himself received his first lessons. Later he began merchandising in the same vicinity, and there discovered the hidings of his power as a prince in business. Then to Dallas, in the rolling down-country, where he won the companion of his life, associate and inspirer of his labors, and mother of his children. Thence to Gastonia, where the wider and larger and richer life was lived as merchant, cotton expert, manufacturer, citizen, and man. But all through the years he lifted up his eyes to the hills and ever and anon came back with words of sympathy, deeds of stimulus, and dollars of aid. Again and again the valley sanctuary near the old home felt his thrill in Sunday school class and church service and social touch. Into the Globe Academy during its earliest and balmiest days went his money and his children under such instructors as Patton and Spainhour and Marshall. Hither his loved ones were brought summer after summer to revel in mountain breezes, to mingle with relatives, and to enjoy the scenes of his boyhood. And, as he himself lingered for momentary relaxation from the tense strain of multiform activities, how welcome to many a lad and lass were his words of interest and counsel as opportunity offered, whether

* Said to have been the youngest soldier who served through the four years of the war. See next chapter.

at the store, or along the road, or at the school house, or in the home. And his conversation with the companions of his early years—how rich with reminiscence, spicy with anecdote, informing, reverent, helpful. Widely known and loved as widely, he forsook not the way to his natal mountain nook but came with blended honor and humility, and those among whom he grew gave him richly love for love.

* * *

For he was a manly man. In himself most happily he united the sparkle and dash of bounding youth, the poise and tensity of manhood under strain, the fulness and ripeness of age serene. The smoothness, the alacrity, the constancy, and the effectiveness of his efforts were little short of a marvel. He knew where and how to strike to produce results; and he struck fast and hard until the work was done. But, though the page of life was full of daily strenuous toil, there was always margin for beneficent deeds. An open hand to the poor, help for the young man starting in business, encouragement for those under reverses, personal visits in the homes of the sick and the afflicted, unheralded checks to aid sacrificing teachers and struggling students, public-spirited promotion of municipal enterprise, letters of friendship and sympathy to far-away missionaries: these and the like were thick all through his career. Into his religious life he brought his business energy, sense, and acumen, and without ambition became prominent in his church and denomination as wise counsellor, liberal supporter, and tireless worker. Genial in business and social circles he was sunnier and happier nowhere than by his own hospitable hearth, where never the shadow of bereavement fell till the crape was hung for him.

* * *

That Sunday morning, when Gastonia's worshipping crowds were assembled, the gates on high were open flung and he was wafted thither. Eyes are still wet now that he is gone; wet with natural grief and not because of his heavenly coronation. And

here at his old home: never again the familiar voice or footfall; nevermore these cedars shelter his form; never the fountain slake his thirst or native breezes cool his brow; nevermore!

But the home here and the home he made are types of the Home Eternal, and there, as he prayed, may loved ones gone and loved ones coming gather with him forever around the Great White Throne!

HIGHT C. MOORE.

GLOBE, NORTH CAROLINA,

July 31, 1906.

CHAPTER II.

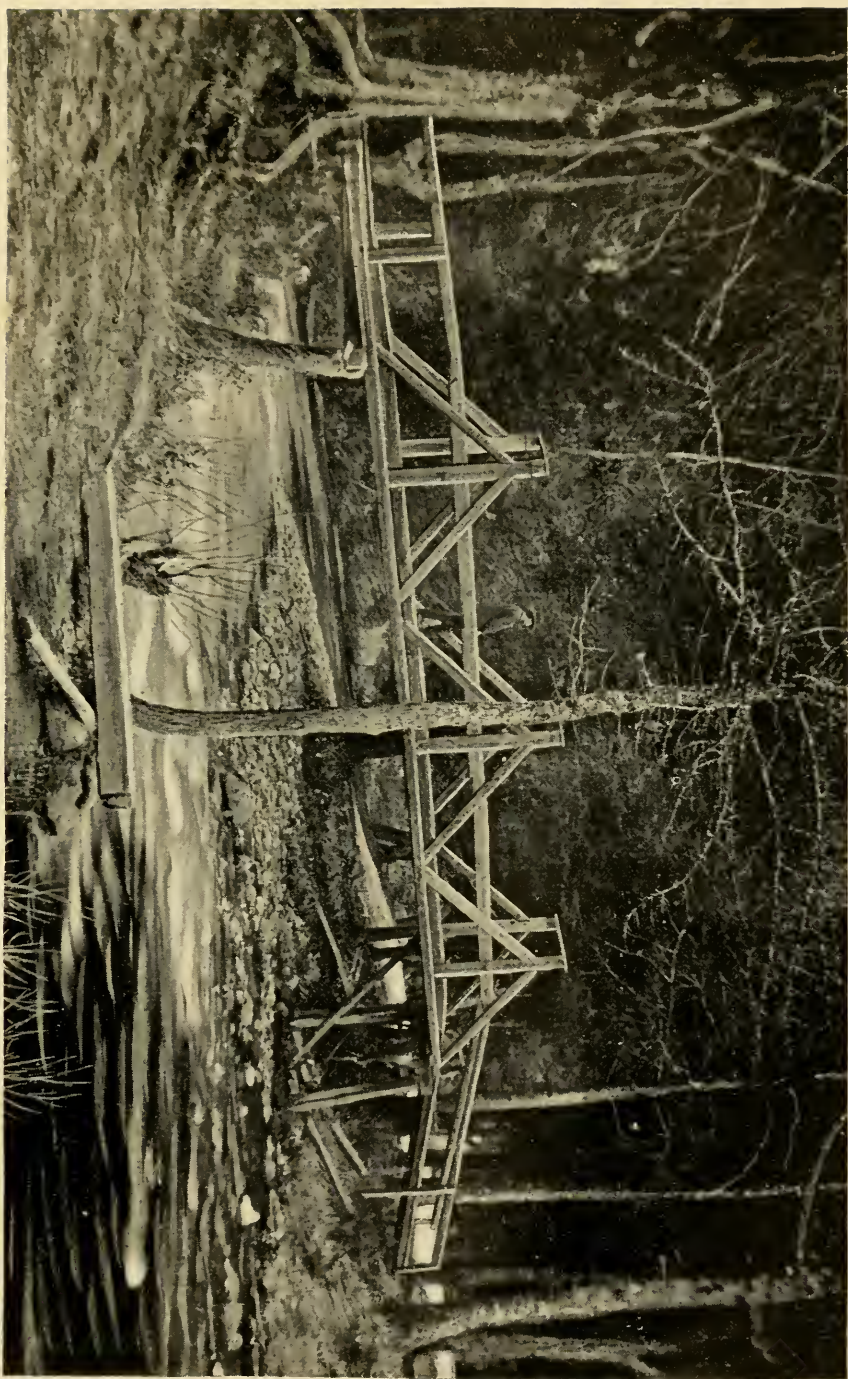
A Soldier of the South.

"The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody."

IN THE mountains of Caldwell County, about seventy miles northwest of Gastonia nestles a peaceful valley. High mountains stand guard on every side, and through the fertile acres John's River winds its way in graceful curves. In some places its clear waters go splashing along over the shoals of small round rocks which it has heaped together in one of its passionate moods, while at other points, in curved and shady nooks, its deep, sweet pools, moving so gently, afford fine swimming for the fishes and the boys. Through the gap which allows the river to escape, men pass into and out of this lovely valley. Smaller streams feed the river from their birthplaces in the remote recesses of the surrounding mountains, and so numerous are they that, climb or roam the mountains which way he will, one can scarcely lose himself from the music of their ever-singing rills. On the cool sides of the cliffs the gentle arbutus blooms under the belated snows, and the sweet wild violets, some purple and some golden, open their hearts to the sunlight in season. As a fringe along the streams and like fountains of bloom on the cliffside, the mountain laurel pours out its soul in colorful flowers.

There are homes, happy homes, in this delightful valley, which has been called the Globe. About every home is the farm of thrifty acres, corn and waving grain, the sugar cane, and the shady orchard of apple trees. A delightful land! And with just merit has it found a permanent place in the State's literature in the recent "Home Acre Sketches," written by one who grew to manhood among the scenes his gifted pen has so faithfully portrayed.

One of these homes stood back from the river in the upper part of the valley. Through its broad front yard a walkway, which



THE FORD AND FOOT BRIDGE.

"Clear waters plashing over shoals," "Deep, sweet pools in curved and shady nooks."

led from the gate to the hospitable doorstep, was overarched by the arms of tall cedars. It was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Moore, to whom on the 5th of January, 1846, was born a little baby boy. They gave to him the name of James Daniel. And they called him Jimmie. Amid the scenes already described he grew into boyhood and was ready to enter young manhood.

In the days of his boyhood there came to this peaceful valley the rumors of war. The old men talked about it and shook their heads; the young men listened eagerly and seldom left a conversation of their elders wherein war was the topic. The causes of the war we need not here discuss. In a beautiful story called *Bethany*, written by Tom Watson, one who cares to may be well entertained by reading about home scenes in the South in those troublous days. But the war came. With volcanic fury it burst upon the land in the early days of 1861. From her hills and plains and valleys, cities, farms and schools the sons of the South, thrilled by the call of battle, flocked to the fields of glory and of death in defense of the homes and hearthstones they loved so well.

Among them was Jimmie Moore, from Globe. He was then fifteen years old—bearing the form and features of a lad, but having the heart and bravery of a man. He was full of life, buoyant, happy, with all the frankness of a boy's nature, and with a boy's love of adventure. He was popular with his comrades, beloved by his officers.

A complete account of his army life can not now be written, for he is gone; but from the records which exist it appears undisputed that he was the youngest soldier in the Confederate Army to serve through the entire war. This claim was widely circulated by leading newspapers in the South since the close of the war and was never successfully contradicted. Young Moore enlisted in May, 1861, in the company of Capt. N. P. Rankin, along with many companions from Caldwell County. This company afterwards became Company F., of the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, which was commanded by Col. Z. B. Vance.

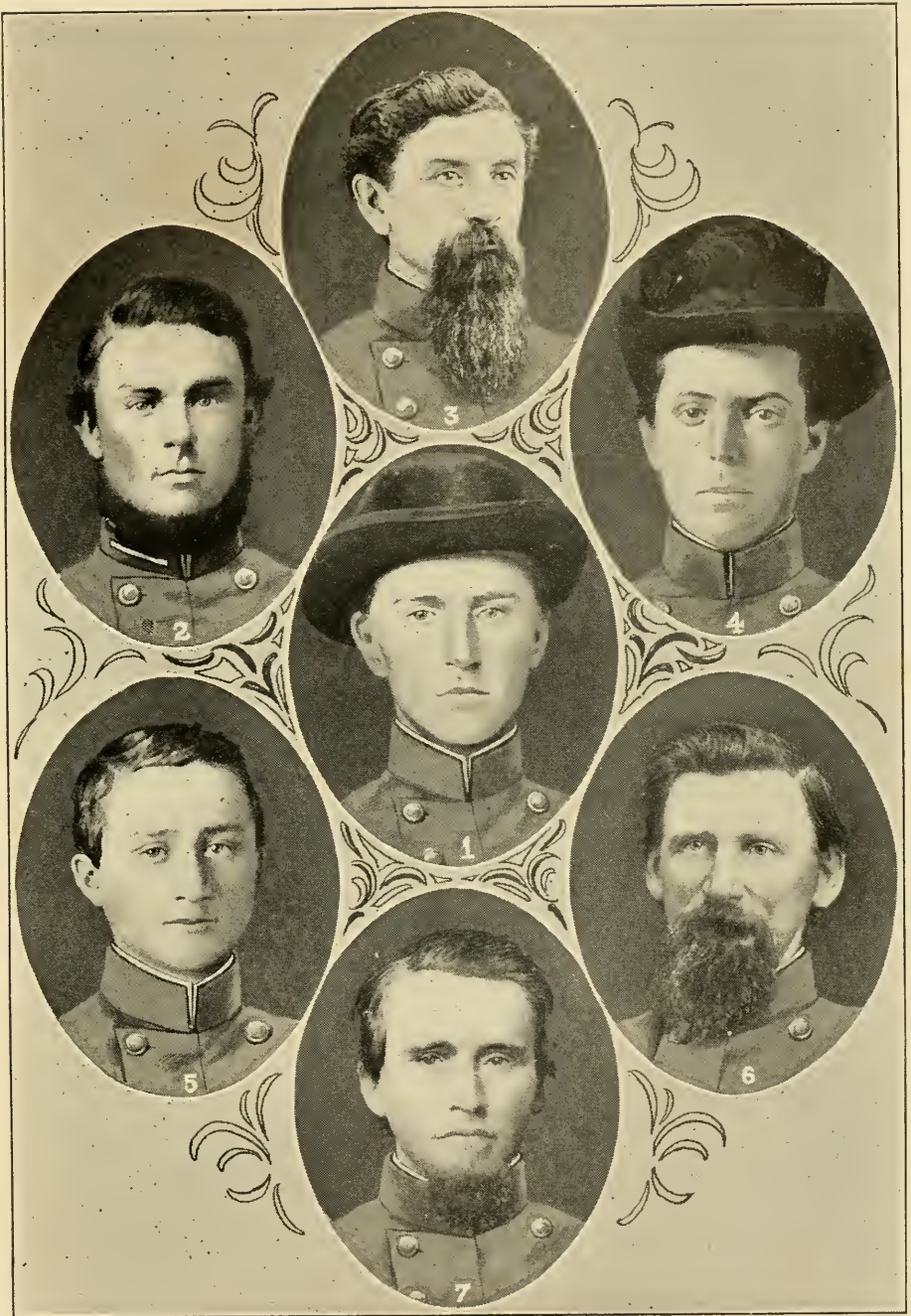
With the exception of the battle of New Bern, he was with the regiment in all its various engagements until that red carnival of carnage, the Battle of Gettysburg, which began July 1, 1863.

Into this battle the Twenty-Sixth Regiment entered with 850 men; on the third day it reported for duty only 230. Six hundred and twenty of its gallant soldiers were dead or bleeding on the field of battle.

Among the wounded was James D. Moore. His company, commanded then by Captain R. M. Tuttle, swept into the first day's fight with three officers and 88 enlisted men. Every one of these were either killed or wounded that day, with one exception, Sergeant Robert Hudspeth alone was unharmed. The subject of this sketch was the 85th man of his company to be shot down. He was wounded in the leg and in the neck. The awful thirst and the faintness of the wounded boy lying there in the open field, under a July sun, growing fainter and fainter from loss of blood, was but one of the thousand cruel incidents of cruel war. But a kind Providence permitted his recovery. When sufficiently recuperated from his wounds, he was allowed to return to his old home on a furlough. But even while here he fell in with his neighbors to fight off the "bushwhackers," northern sympathizers, who prowled like wolves around those loyal valley homes, ready whenever they could to rush in to kill and rob the unprotected.

Returning to his regiment in the spring of 1864, he participated in that terribly bloody series of encounters known as the battle of the Wilderness. Finding himself unable to perform service in the infantry on account of the stubborn wound received in his leg at Gettysburg, he applied for a transfer to Company D. of the First North Carolina Cavalry, which command he joined in September, 1864. A kinsman writes that "he came to the regiment splendidly mounted on a beautiful dark mare, and from that time till the close of the war was with the regiment in the various cavalry battles and skirmishes in which it was engaged, including, among others, Boisseau's farm, Gravelly Run, Wilson's farm, Hampton's cattle raid, and Bellfield." With this troop of cavalry he served as General Wade Hampton's courier until the close of the war, doing his full part in the exploits by which Hampton's cavalry won imperishable fame for Southern arms.

In the bold dash known as Hampton's cattle raid, which was made upon General Grant's commissariat, 2,500 fine beef cattle



TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

1. John Tuttle, Sergeant, Co. F.
2. Wm. N. Snelling, 2d Lieut., Co. D.
3. L. L. Polk, Sergeant Major.
4. W. W. Edwards, Private, Co. E.
5. J. D. Moore, Private, Co. F. (The 85th man in his Company wounded at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863.)
6. H. C. Coffey, Private, Co. F. (The 86th man in his Company wounded at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863.)
7. Laban Ellis, Private, Co. E.

were captured—a most welcome addition to the scanty commissary of the hard-pressed Confederate Army. It may not be out of place, as a matter of immediate local interest, to say that a horn of one of these captured cattle is now in the keeping of the President of the Gastonia Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the gift of a Confederate veteran, Mr. E. W. Carson.

One incident in the army life of the soldier boy from Globe should not be omitted, namely, his conversion. He himself often spoke of it in after years, dwelling upon it with gladness and tears. It was while he was in the cavalry service, on a cold winter afternoon in February, 1865, that the late B. M. Tuttle, then a man of 43, spoke to the young cavalryman of 19 concerning his salvation. He thought of the constant danger to which his life was exposed, and of how mercifully a watchful Providence had spared his life so many times already, and was seized with deep conviction. That night they occupied a school house. Waking from sleep, the older cavalryman missed his younger comrade in the quiet hours of the night, waited for his return, and then went out to search for him. He found him in a fence corner groaning in prayer, his face buried in his hands. "Get up and come into the house out of this cold night," implored the man. "No," said the sobbing boy, "I have come here to stay until my sins are pardoned." The good man knelt down by his side and prayed aloud for the almost benumbed boy, until the midnight air was made glad by the expressions of the forgiven penitent's unspeakable joy.

After Appomattox the young soldier, yet lacking two of being 21 years old, returned to the old homestead under the cedars, and began the life-work on the farm, at school, in business, home and church, which in after years and amid other scenes he accomplished so well.

The preceding portion of this chapter was prepared for use at the organization, in April, 1906, of the J. D. Moore Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy in Gastonia, and was published at the time in *The Gastonia Gazette*. Though at the risk of some

slight repetition, two or three additional paragraphs relating to his army life, taken from the History of the North Carolina Regiments, 1861-'65, will be here appended for the sake of completeness, and because to many of his closer friends they will recall the entertaining manner in which they have heard Mr. Moore relate the incidents mentioned. It ought to be said, however, that discussions about the war and reminiscences concerning his soldier-life were not, as is so often the case with other veterans, themes of absorbing interest to Mr. Moore. He could be drawn into these things by his friends when they seemed interested or entertained by his narration of them; but seldom, if ever, even when in a company of his old comrades, did he drift of his own accord into reminiscences of the war. The story of his conversion, which, upon a few occasions, he felt moved by his interest in the unsaved to relate in religious meetings may furnish, perhaps, a single exception to this statement. To him, unless there was promise of accomplishing some good purpose by so doing, the present was too precious and the future too important for him, fond of fresh action as he was, to be living over again the already completed past.

The paragraphs referred to will now be given, the first being in Mr. Moore's own words as written out for the history of his regiment.

UNPARALLELED LOSS OF COMPANY F.

(From History of N. C. Regiments, 1861-65, Vol. V, pages 600-1.)

I was present at the battle of Gettysburg, a private in Captain R. M. Tuttle's company (F), Twenty-Sixth Regiment. In the first day's battle we had 87 men for duty; we lost every man, either killed or wounded, except one, Sergeant Robert Hudspeth. I was the 85th man shot, wounded in the neck and left leg. Henry Coffey (Sergeant), now living [1901] near Lenoir, was the 86th man shot. Our company joined the color company on the left, and being at the head of the company, I joined the color guard and was by the colors during the fight. The entire color guard was killed or wounded, and a number of officers who picked up the colors and carried them forward were also killed or wounded, among them the young and gallant Burgwyn. Lieutenant-Colonel Lane was severely wounded toward the close of the fight, near the top of the hill. He also had the colors when



1. Zebulon B. Vance, Colonel.
 2. Harry K. Burgwyn, Colonel.
 3. John R. Lane, Colonel.
 4. J. T. Jones, Lieut.-Colonel.

5. N. P. Rankin, Major.
 6. Thomas J. Boykin, Surgeon.
 7. J. J. Young, Captain and Asst. Q. M.
 8. James B. Jordan, 1st Lieut. and Adjt.

he was shot. Of the two left of my company, Henry Coffey was wounded just after I fell, leaving only Sergeant Robert Hudspeth surviving unhurt out of our entire company. This Robert Hudspeth came to see me at the field hospital on 4th July, and he informed me that he had gotten some four or five men who were on detail as ambulance and pioneer corps on the first day and were not in the fight on that day and took them into the fight the third day. On that day Tom Cozart, of Company F, carried the flag; Cozart fell (killed) with the colors just before reaching the stone fence, the others were killed or wounded, and that he (Hudspeth) was knocked down by the bursting of a shell.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

(From History of N. C. Regiments, 1861-65, Vol. II, page 369.)

James D. Moore, private in Company F, was the 85th man of his company shot on the first day's fight. A ball passed through his leg. When taken to the field hospital the surgeon said he had been fighting cavalry, as the wound was made by a carbine, 44 calibre, and not by an Enfield rifle, 56 calibre. After the war Moore went to live in Indiana at a place called Winnamac. He there met a man named Hayes, who was a member of the Twenty-Fourth Michigan Regiment and in the battle of Gettysburg. Hayes had lost his Enfield rifle on the forced march of the night before, and as his regiment was going into action on the morning of 1 July, he picked up a carbine dropped by one of Buford's cavalry, and used it during the fight. It was the only carbine in the Twenty-Fourth Regiment, and just before he retreated, when the colors of the regiment charging him was fifteen or twenty paces distant, he fired in their direction. Moore at the time was alongside the flag and received Hayes' shot. They became good friends, and Hayes was of material assistance to Moore so long as the latter lived in his town.

A WOMAN RECRUIT.

(From History of N. C. Regiments, 1861-65, Vol. II, pages 330-1.)

While the Twenty-Sixth Regiment was in camp in and around Kinston, after the battle of New Bern, many recruits joined the command. Among them were two young men giving their names as L. M. and Samuel Blalock. They enlisted in Captain Ballew's company (F), and were brought to the regiment by private James D. Moore, of Company F. On the way from their home in Caldwell County, to join the regiment, Moore was informed in strict confidence by L. M. (Keith) Blalock, that Samuel was his young wife, and that he would only enlist on condition that his wife be allowed to enlist with him. This was agreed to by Moore, who was acting as re-

cruiting officer, and Moore also promised not to divulge the secret. Sam Blalock is described as a good-looking boy, aged 16, weight about 130 pounds; height, five feet and four inches, dark hair; her husband (Keith), was over six feet in height. Sam Blalock's disguise was never penetrated. She drilled and did the duties of a soldier as any other member of the company, and was very adept at learning the manual and drill.

In about two months her husband, who was suffering from hernia and from poison sumac, was discharged, and Sam informed his captain and Colonel Vance that he was a woman, whereupon she was discharged and permitted to join her husband.

On returning home, Keith Blalock and his wife, now known by her real name, "Malinda," joined Kirk's command, an organized body of Union troops, made up largely of deserters and bushwhackers, operating in the western part of the State.

In the spring of 1864, while the said James D. Moore was at home at his father's at a place called the Globe, recovering from the wound he had received at Gettysburg, the house was attacked by Keith and Malinda Blalock and their gang, and Carroll Moore, his father, severely wounded. Several of the marauders were wounded, and among them Malinda. Again in the fall of 1864, Keith and his raiders attacked Mr. Carroll Moore's house, and were again driven off. This time Keith was shot in the head, and one eye put out.

After the war Keith attempted merchandising in Mitchell County, and was a candidate for the Legislature on the Republican ticket, but was defeated, and about 1892 he and his wife went to Texas. They subsequently returned to North Carolina, and at this time (1901) are living in Mitchell County. Malinda Blalock's maiden name was Pritchard, and her brother, Riley Pritchard, was United States Commissioner in President Harrison's administration.

CHAPTER III.

A Soldier of the Cross.

"I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too."

(Memorial sketch read by Hon. W. A. Graham before the South Fork Baptist Association at Dallas, N. C., October 27, 1905.)

JAMES DANIEL MOORE, the son of Carroll and Sarah Moore, was born in Caldwell County January 5, 1846. He spent his youth upon his father's farm until May, 1861, when he volunteered as a private in Capt. R. M. Tuttle's company, which was Company F, Twenty-Sixth Regiment North Carolina Troops in the Confederate Army. This company was in the Battle of Gettysburg July 1, 1863. It won the distinction of incurring the greatest loss in proportion to numbers engaged of any command in recorded history; 87 men were carried into action, of whom 86 were killed or wounded, he being the 85th man to fall, wounded in the neck and through the leg. Upon recovery he found that the wound in his leg made marching on foot uncomfortable and was transferred to Company D, First North Carolina Cavalry, where he did faithful service until the surrender of General Lee.

Upon returning home from the army, he attended school at Dallas, N. C., for one year. Here he met Martha, daughter of John Lewis, a prominent citizen, who was for several years Clerk of the Court of Gaston County, also Clerk of the Catawba River Association 1863-'64. They were married September 25, 1870. The union was blessed with eight children, all of whom survive him.

He located in Dallas and engaged in merchandising with his brother-in-law, James R. Lewis, who still continues the business. In 1883 he removed to Gastonia and continued this business. Afterwards he became interested in the cotton mills and was instrumental in the erection and management of several at Gastonia, also at Dallas, Lenoir and Hudson.

He was a successful business man and his work so commended him to capitalists that he could obtain the necessary support and co-operation for any business of the kind that he undertook; there was no man in his section who surpassed him in prospect for usefulness in developments and investments of capital.

He did much to elevate the position of the cotton mill population in the esteem of the public, and there is now not a more respected class of citizens. He was public-spirited and always ready to aid or lead in any undertaking to advance the welfare of his community.

While active in politics he did not aspire to office, and only accepted a position as one of the directors of the State Institution for the Blind; which was somewhat in the line of his life-work. He served his town several times as an Alderman, and his suggestions for its advancement and prosperity were much valued.

It is as a servant of the Master of Assemblies and a worker in His vineyard that we are especially interested in his history. In March, 1865, while doing picket duty on the Meherrin River, near Boykin's depot, Va., he, as his duties would permit, attended a protracted meeting, and he there made a profession of the acceptance of Christ as his Savior. A full account of his conversion is given in the annexed article of Rev. D. H. Tuttle, of the M. E. Church, South, published by the *North Carolina Baptist* September 27, 1905.

The Conversion of the Late J. D. Moore.

Permit me to give your many readers a bit of interesting religious history of the noble man whose name heads this article. We were natives of the same county, Caldwell. He and my father, the late B. M. Tuttle, of Caldwell County, were together as soldiers in Confederate gray during the last years of the War Between the States; father then a man of 43, and Moore a youth of 17 or 18, and not converted. In February, 1865, they were on duty in cavalry service. In the afternoon of a cold winter day father engaged young Moore in conversation concerning his salvation, reminding him of the dangers to which their lives were daily exposed and exhorting him to make preparation to meet God in peace in case of death.

Father's words were as seed in good soil, and conviction, deep and effective seized young Moore. That night he and father spent in a school house, sleeping (or intending to sleep) upon the desks, and covering with their blankets. A while after they had lain down, father awoke and noticed that young Moore was gone from his side. He lay awake awaiting his return; but, as he did not return soon, father arose and went out to look after him. He soon heard groaning in prayer and found him in a fence corner, face in hands and on the ground, earnestly crying to God for mercy. Father asked him to get up and come into the school house; but he replied, saying that he had come out there to stay till his sins were pardoned, and that he would never leave till he was forgiven. Father then got down by him, directing him by God's word in the way to the Kingdom. Then he began praying aloud for him, and while the stillness of that midnight hour was being broken by the voice of interceding prayer, the light of a new world and a new life broke in upon the soul of James D. Moore, and he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. There was no sleep in the school house that night, but desks became platforms of the soul's first fellowship with God.

This account of his conversion I heard substantially from Capt. Moore's lips at Morven camp-meeting, August, 1903, in a personal testimony as to the saving power of Christ, and in my father's presence; saying at the same time he wanted to cheer the heart of the gray-haired old veteran by letting him know that he had helped him find the Savior. Captain Moore said also that he had heard during life many eloquent prayers, but none ever equalled the one father offered that night.

Two years back from this date both of them were soldiers of the cross, yet on earth battling for the right; but to-day both are crowned heirs of eternal life in the Heavenly church triumphant.

I have seen it stated that Capt. Moore's mother was praying for his conversion that night. If so, father was God's instrument to bring about the answer.

D. H. TUTTLE.

Returning home from the army he did not unite with the church in his neighborhood, as it was in sentiment and practice somewhat inclined to anti-mission views, but, with one of his sisters, joined Rocky Spring Church in the same county and was baptized by Elder R. H. Moody, a minister well known at that time in the Catawba River Association. In 1879 he united with the church

at Dallas upon its organization and was chosen a deacon, was one of the committee that superintended the erection of the building, and was active in all the work of the church.

On removing to Gastonia he entered upon the work there as a Baptist and joined the feeble church in its work for the Master. The First Church was erected largely through his efforts, he giving particular attention and contributing largely to the construction. The same may be said as to the remodeling of this church and the conversion of it into the present handsome edifice. He was active in aiding the pastor in the training of the members, all who were not aided by the church were expected to contribute to its expenses and the spread of the gospel. A few years ago they reached the position where all contributions were made direct to the treasurer of the church and checks given upon this fund by order of the church for pastor's salary, missions or any other object it approved. He remarked not two years before his death that he had always thought that if he could see this accomplished that like Simeon of old he would be ready to depart. He was for many years superintendent of the Sunday school and taught a Bible class up to the time of his death; was always ready to speak a word for the Master and to give a reason for the faith that was in him, to speak a word of cheer to the erring and of encouragement to the fainting brother or to a sinner about salvation through Christ.

He was according to his means the most liberal contributor to the work of his church that I have ever known.

In 1893 the Gastonia church united with the South Fork Association. He was placed upon the Executive Committee and served as such until called hence; was a most valuable member, studied the geography as related to Baptist work, and formed a definite idea as to the prudence of appropriations at different points.

His speech was always forcible and in words understood by his hearers. He was particularly severe upon the conduct of ministers who failed to preach the gospel of missions, including its support at home and abroad by the contribution of church members.



SOUTH FORK INSTITUTE—MAIN BUILDING.



SOUTH FORK INSTITUTE—BOYS' DORMITORY.



SOUTH FORK INSTITUTE—GIRLS' DORMITORY.

He served the Association efficiently as Treasurer for several years.

When the South Fork Institute* was undertaken he was appointed a Trustee. He gave faithful attention to the work and his counsel was as valuable as his contributions, while all who have been entrusted with the care of this institution have been faithful in work and liberal in contributions, to him more than to any other person is its present position due.

Upon one occasion when making a contribution he remarked that he desired to be immortal, not only in the life beyond, but also in this world, by leaving behind him something that would carry on the work which he was endeavoring to do while here and would continue to do so to the end of time. He served several years as a member of the State Mission Board and was one of the most efficient members.

He will be missed in the work he did, the contributions made and the prayers offered for the advancement of the Master's cause. The Scriptures tell us that "the prayer of the righteous availeth much." The young seldom, if ever, pray for those older than themselves, or feel much interest in their spiritual welfare. The older take much interest in the younger and often bring blessings to them through prayers they know not of. What a loss to those in whom he was interested are his prayers for their welfare. The idea is much prevalent that only sinners need the prayers of the righteous and there is too little praying by Christians for strengthening the feeble knees, relieving the tempted, or encouraging the strong among God's saints.

*The report of the Board of Trustees made to this session of the Association, gives the following facts relating to the history of the Institute:

"For several years this association has been agitating the question of an associational school. Three years ago this matter took definite shape and the first building was erected at a cost of about \$3,000. The school opened two years ago. The school grew till it was necessary to enlarge. We had to arrange a place for pupils to board. The trustees met and after careful and prayerful consideration agreed to erect a boys' dormitory costing \$2,000. Brethren J. D. Moore and J. D. Elliott made the proposition that they would give \$1,000 for this purpose if the Association would raise that amount. About \$1,600 has been raised for this purpose, the \$1,000 promised by brethren Moore and Elliott is included in this amount. The balance of the \$2,000 has about been subscribed. The building has been erected and is occupied by bright young men."

His works, alms and prayers had kept the Master in acquaintance with him, and when he left us he was known above and his coming anticipated with joy. On Sunday, August 6, 1905, his summons came suddenly and his spirit returned to the God who gave it.

As his soul rests "under the altar," in the presence of his Savior, if it shall weary at the delay in being united with its spiritual body and ask why so long, I think the Savior will say to him, "Rest on until all things are accomplished; there are yet many to be gathered into my fold through the instrumentality of your works and alms while on earth, and who will be stars in your crown when I shall assemble all of my people to take their abode in that city not made with hands eternal in the heavens, whose architect and builder is God."

W. A. GRAHAM.

The foregoing memoir was presented as the regular report of the Committee on Obituaries of the South Fork Association. Its reading, which was heard with profound attention throughout, was followed by a deeply touching memorial service. It seemed Providential that the Association's memorial service should have been held in the old home town of Dallas, where our late brother had married, and had spent many happy years in his early business career. His friends from far and near were present. The large audience was affected with deep emotion as tributes were paid by Maj. W. A. Graham and Revs. W. R. Gwaltney, W. H. Reddish, O. L. Stringfield, J. A. Hoyle, J. L. Vipperman, J. J. Payseur and D. P. Bridges.

Nearly every speaker prefaced his tribute of affection by saying that his relations with Brother Moore were peculiarly close and that the memory of his goodness and kindness to each one personally moved him to speak. There were scores of others present who could have testified in similar manner to what seemed to each the peculiar and specially close friendship of this good man. This is mentioned as an illustration of the strong fellow-feeling which made him a friend to so many with whom he came in con-

tact and of the abounding spirit of brotherly kindness which in so many substantial ways knitted him into the affections of his fellow-servants in Christ.

In the course of his eloquent eulogy upon the life of our departed brother, Rev. J. L. Vipperman, paid a tender and deserved tribute to his sorely bereaved companion, speaking impressively of the part she had performed in helping her husband to be strong in good deeds and in walking hand in hand and heart to heart with him in all his Christian work. A brief tribute to Mrs. Moore, written by Mr. Vipperman, will form the chapter which follows this; for no account of her husband's life could be complete without some mention of her in whom his heart so safely trusted. It is but just to Mrs. Moore to add here that the compiler did not reveal to her his intention to include this tribute to her own character, and that her first knowledge of such a purpose will come to her when her eyes first fall upon these pages.

CHAPTER IV.

The Husband's Help-Meet.

“ Walking in his footsteps, following her Lord.”

IN writing a biography of any life it is very desirable that one be governed by intelligent conviction rather than undefined sentiment. It is deeply refreshing to me to be able to bear witness to the excellency of the Christian woman of many good works, who is now the widow of our beloved fellow-servant in the Lord, Brother J. D. Moore. It is a pleasure to write this little biographical tribute to this noble heroine of the cross who for many years has been in the Kingdom of God, closely identified with its work on earth.

Martha Jane Moore was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Lewis, of Dallas, N. C. Regenerated at the age of eleven, she was baptized into the fellowship of Long Creek Baptist Church by Rev. A. J. Cansler. She was married to J. D. Moore, of Caldwell County, September 25, 1870. She and the eight children with whom this happy union was blessed survive him.

That I have known quite intimately Brother and Sister Moore is a cause to me for thanksgiving. Two things are very clear in my mind: (1) That Bro. Moore was indeed a noble Christian, a “prince in Israel,” and (2) that he never could have been the exemplary Christian that he was unless Providence had favored him with such an help-meet.

There are certain principles in her life that will guide us like the heavenly constellations in reaching a true and unexaggerated estimate of her virtues and in seeing how these virtues manifested themselves in her noble husband. In giving Brother Moore such a wife God revealed unto him “tokens for good.” She seemed to know just how to meet the responsibilities of a wife and how far she could influence her husband’s life. In every proper way she sought to encourage him and desired to enrich his life in good deeds, being ever ready to become his partner in sacrifices for the



Yours Sincerely
Martha J. Moore,

Master's work. She knew that her husband did not sow sparingly, for the harvest contradicted that, but bountifully so that the fruits of his righteousness were increased.

Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness which caused in them thanksgiving to God, they showed their subjection to the gospel of Christ by their liberal contributions to God's precious work, and thus they together longed after exceeding grace of God. She has amassed a great treasure of good works in her own quiet benefactions, while as a help-meet she consecrated her life to the matchless end that her husband might count most worthily for the kingdom of God. Their natures were in harmony. When the Spirit told him to give to God's cause the same Spirit moved her to encourage him. When he saw his duty by the power of the Spirit, he was not chided when he revealed to her the impressions of his own heart, but found a ready sympathizer and helper.

How nobly she has continued, since his death, the noble benefactions which his great heart had planned! These are indisputable proofs that the things I am writing of her are true. Surely to this faithful companion there must come frequently now some vision unveiling the secrets of the future more fully than they were ever foreshadowed before the death of her devoted husband. May God's benediction rest upon her and her household. Surely "she hath done what she could."

J. L. VIPPERMAN.

DALLAS, NORTH CAROLINA,
January 15, 1907.

CHAPTER V.

The Sudden Summons.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

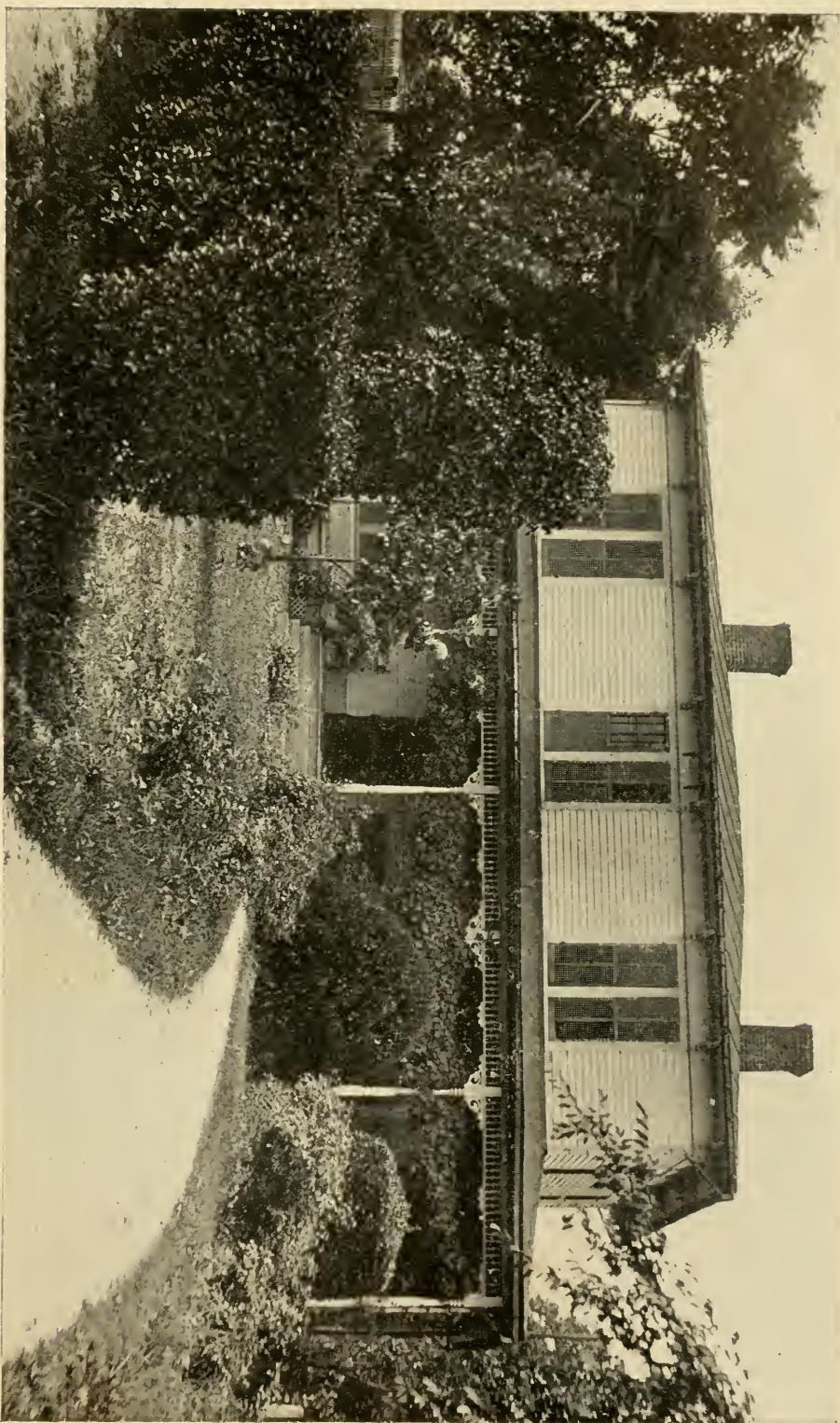
—Longfellow: Evangeline.

(From the Gastonia Gazette of August 8, 1905.)

CAPT. J. D. MOORE died suddenly at his home Sunday morning at 11:30 o'clock. On Saturday he was at his office all day, and while not feeling very well attended as usual to his office duties. Saturday night he slept very little and complained of extreme nausea, growing worse as the morning wore on, but it was 11 o'clock before he considered himself really ill enough to have a physician called in. Dr. R. M. Reid, the family physician, was called and reached the house in a few minutes, but before he was able to render any assistance Capt. Moore began vomiting and, rupturing a blood vessel in the head, died instantly.

Only Mrs. Moore, Dr. Reid, Mr. J. D. Moore, Jr., and the servants were in the house when the summons came. Mr. Charlie M. Moore and Miss Mattie were at church, and Mrs. Morrow and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Moore in Asheville. In a very few minutes the news swept over the town and every heart was filled with keenest grief. All day Sunday and yesterday the people were going to and from the home to pay their last sad tribute to their dead friend. A friend he was—to every man, woman and child in Gastonia and Gaston County. No man in the community was more sincerely admired and beloved. Gastonia and Gaston County are all in mourning, and the State has lost an honored son—one of the noblest and best.

Capt. J. D. Moore was born in Globe, Caldwell County, January 5, 1846, and at the time of his death was nearly 60 years of age. On September 25, 1870, he was happily married to Miss Martha J. Lewis, of Gaston County. To them were born eight children, all of whom are living, and are as follows: Mr. H. B. Moore, Mrs. Mary Morrow, Jas. D., Jr., Charles M. and Miss



THE MOORE HOME IN GASTONIA.
" And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose."

Mattie, of Gastonia; Mr. John C. Moore, of Dallas, Mrs. C. H. Durham, of Lumberton, and Mrs. T. A. Norment, of Wilmington.

In his fifteenth year Capt. Moore enlisted and served the entire four years of the war, two years with the Twenty-Sixth Regiment of the North Carolina Volunteers and two more with the famous Rufus Barringer Cavalry. No braver soldier wore the gray.

As a business man he was in the foremost ranks, and was known throughout the entire country. In 1887 the cotton milling industry began to attract his attention and he drew up the articles of agreement and solicited subscriptions for the first cotton mill built in Gastonia, the Gastonia Cotton Manufacturing Company. In 1895 he organized the Modena Mills and has been connected with this company from its organization to the present time. He served this company as secretary and treasurer until twelve months since, when he was elected president. He also held the position of secretary and treasurer of the Moro-Webb Cotton Mills Company, of Dallas; secretary and treasurer of the Lenoir Cotton Mills, of Lenoir; and president of the Hudson Cotton Mills, of Hudson. In all of these enterprises he was the leading spirit and accomplished more than seemed possible for any one man.

He served the town a number of times as alderman and has always been ready to aid any enterprise that was for the moral and financial development of his community. He was a member of Gastonia Lodge, No. 369, A. F. & A. M., and also a member of Gastonia Lodge, No. 53, K. of P.

His church life was ideal. It was here that the real beauty and greatness of his life shone brightest. Reared a Baptist, there was none more loyal and true. From its organization he has held the office of deacon in the First Baptist Church, and it is due largely to him that this church was built. Later he led in building the Second Baptist Church. He was a man of large means and his greatest joy was in using these means for God's glory. No call was ever unheeded. His place at church was seldom vacant, and his presence ever an inspiration. Time and money were freely given.

The funeral services, conducted by his pastor, Rev. W. H. Reddish, assisted by Rev. F. C. Hickson, of Gaffney, will be held in the First Baptist Church this afternoon at 3 o'clock, after which the body will be laid to rest in the City Cemetery.

CHAPTER VI.

Under a Coverlet of Roses.

"Sorrowing most of all * * * that they should see his face no more."

"Angels have entered our homes—'their foot-prints graves.'"

(From the Gastonia Gazette of August 11, 1905.)

THE body of Capt. J. D. Moore was laid to rest under banks of beautiful flowers in the cemetery Tuesday afternoon amid solemn demonstrations of affectionate respect which few men in a lifetime ever see accorded to a citizen of merely private station. Business houses of every class were closed, and men of every walk in life stopped to drop a tear out of their own grief and another out of a sympathy that could only sob and be silent beside the sorely smitten loved ones.

The First Baptist Church, itself a token of this good man's devotion to his faith, could not contain the throng, and the overflow stood by in the churchyard.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" were the words the pastor, Rev. W. H. Reddish, read from the Scriptures. The pastor could not permit his heart to utter its fullness, but he paid a loving and tender tribute to the memory of this man of good deeds. A former pastor and devoted friend, Rev. F. C. Hickson, passed by the good deeds and pronounced a beautiful and most noble eulogy upon his dead friend's exalted character.

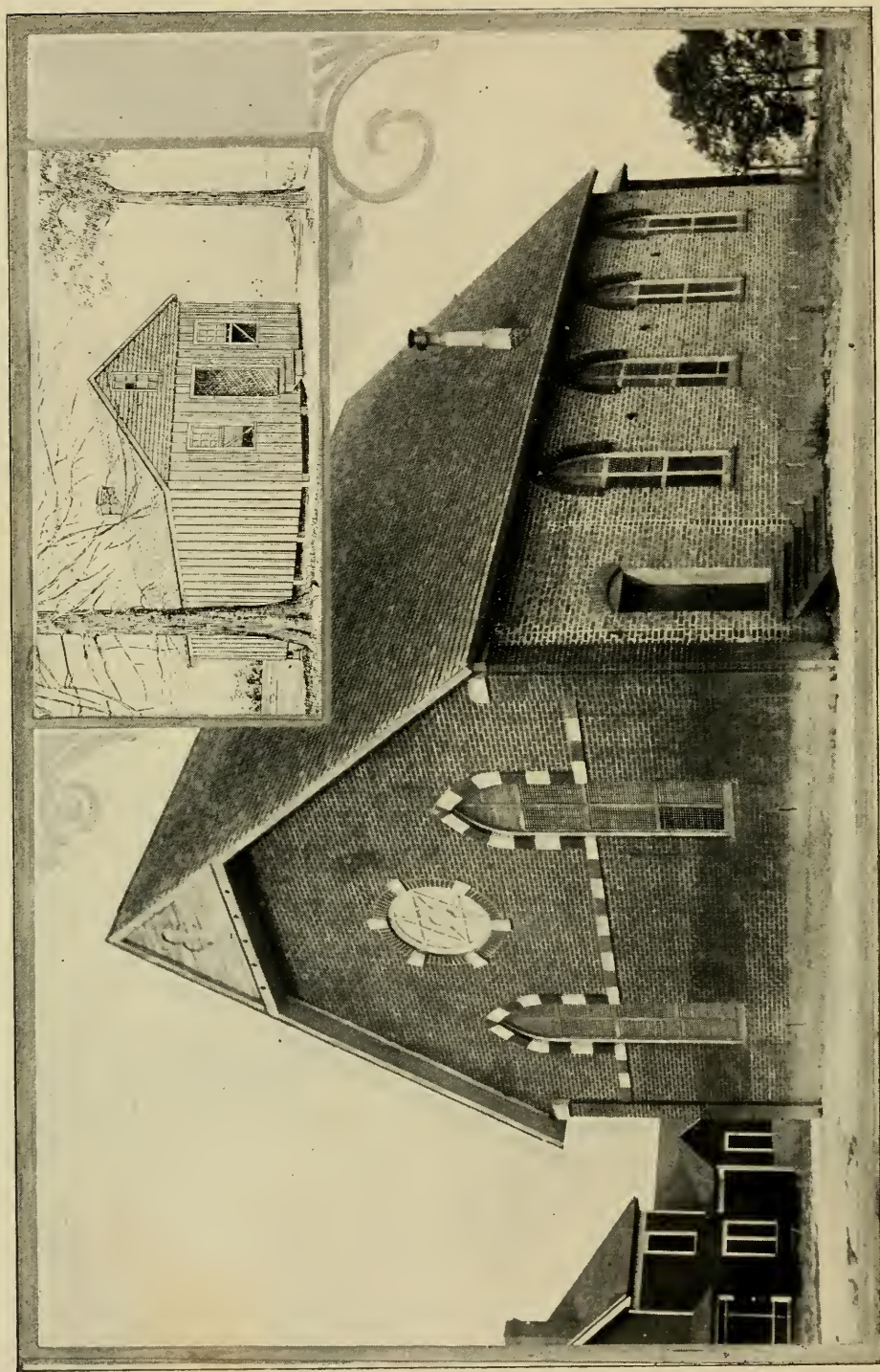
The music was in charge of a choir formed from the choirs of the other congregations, and Masonic honors of unusual solemnity, conducted by Rev. B. W. Hatcher, concluded the exercises at the grave.

The pall-bearers were as follows: Active, J. S. Torrence, W. T. Storey, W. J. Clifford, W. H. Penney, F. A. Costner and J. O. White. Honorary, J. K. Dixon, J. F. Love, G. A. Gray, J. Q. Holland, J. T. McDill and V. E. Long.

There was a wealth of rare and beautiful flowers—roses, lilies, carnations, orchids, hydrangeas, palm leaves, many designs of ex-



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF GASTONIA.
Built in 1900.



ORIGINAL GASTONIA BAPTIST CHURCH.

Small cut shows School House in East Gastonia, used as first house of worship.

quisite beauty and rare costliness. Among them were a magnificent wreath, a yard in diameter, of American Beauty Roses, and Lilies of the Valley, from Charles J. Webb & Co., Philadelphia; A. G. Bishop, New York, a beautiful wreath; J. H. Pavin, New York, anchor; First National Bank of Gastonia, anchor; Modena Mills, harp; beautiful pillows, one from Capt. Moore's children, with "Father" on it, and one from twenty mill men and friends of Lenoir; Mr. Fred Smyre and Miss Nell Smyre, heart; Knights of Pythias, Bible and swords, emblem of their order; Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Jenkins, anchor, cross and star; Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Craig, harp; Mr. and Mrs. J. O. White, anchor; Mr. J. O. Sprinkle and Mrs. J. W. Sprinkle, Sago palms; Miss Carrie McLean, roses and palm leaves. Wreaths from Mrs. J. Lee Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Boyce, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Parker. Besides these there were many tributes, less pretentious, but sweet and beautiful and freighted with the perfume of tenderest sympathy.

Among those who attended the funeral from a distance are the following: Brothers—W. C. and F. P. Moore, of Globe. Sister, Mrs. Rebecca Estes, of Collettsville. Other relatives—J. C. Moore and W. C. Moore, Jr., of Globe; M. G. Shearer, Collettsville; Pat Mast, Winston; Miss Carrie McLean, Charlotte.

In addition to these were A. G. Bishop, of Haines and Bishop, New York; Miles H. Hoffman, of Chas. J. Webb & Co.; Jonas M. Costner, of Raleigh; Mrs. J. H. and Mr. Oates Sprinkle, of Charlotte; Messrs. M. M. Courtney, F. C. White, R. L. Gwinn, Edward White and J. H. Beall, of Lenoir, and B. B. Hayes, of Hudson.

CHAPTER VII.

Three Favorite Hymns.

"Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

"Old tunes are precious to me as old paths
In which I wandered when a happy boy.
In truth, they are the old paths of my soul,
Oft trod, well worn, familiar, up to God."

IN the Sunday school, at the services of his church, in the home, everywhere, Mr. Moore believed in "singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." Among the most treasured recollections of those who have worshipped together with him is the melody of his splendid voice in the songs they used to sing. Three of his favorite hymns, hymns we have so often heard him join in singing with the spirit and the understanding, are here given, the first appearing to be his favorite above all others.

I WILL SING THE WONDROUS STORY.

I will sing the wondrous story,
Of the Christ who died for me,
How He left His home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story,
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

I was bruised, but Jesus healed me,
Faint was I from many a fall,
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me,
But He freed me from them all.

Days of darkness still come o'er me,
Sorrow's paths I often tread,
But the Savior still is with me,
By His hand I'm safely led.

He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHORUS.

The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

I know that Thou art nearer still,
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee,
Than any lovely song.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love,
I could not but be sad.

O Savior, precious Savior mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of love can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole—
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O, my soul.

And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall re-sound, and the Lord shall descend,
“Even so”—it is well with my soul.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tears and Flowers.

"The sad memories which death brings are a part of our education. Under the influence of an absent soul the heart softens, and man goes forth each day more of a friend to his race, and more of a worshipper of his God. * * * The death of a friend exalts those who remain to weep."

THE number of expressions of condolence and tender sympathy received by the family from private sources upon the occasion of Mr. Moore's death runs into the hundreds. These, in their original form, will be bound together into a large scrap-book for permanent preservation. In this chapter it is intended to include the obtainable briefer tributes of a public nature which appeared in the newspapers and one or two others prepared especially for this volume. They are as follows:

The Modena Mills, of Gastonia, the Moro-Webb, at Dallas, the Hudson Mills and the Lenoir Mills are closed as a tribute of respect to their dead President and Secretary, Capt. Moore being President of the Modena and Hudson and Secretary and Treasurer of the Moro-Webb and Lenoir Mills. Many of his mill people will attend the funeral this afternoon. The mills will start again to-morrow morning.—*Gastonia Gazette*, August 8, 1905.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Moore and Mrs. Mary Morrow arrived from Asheville yesterday morning, and Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Norment, of Wilmington, at noon, to attend the funeral of their father. Rev. C. H. Durham and family are expected this morning from Lumberton. Among the many out-of-town guests who are already here are Mr. A. G. Bishop, New York; Mr. Jonas Costner, Raleigh; Mr. W. M. Morrow, Pineville; Rev. F. C. Hickson, Gaffney; Mr. Patrick Mast, Winston; Miss Carrie McLean, Charlotte; Mrs. Lizzie Jenkins, Mrs. J. T. McLean, Lincolnton; Mrs. Kate Britton, Dallas; Mrs. Annie Bradford, Pineville; Mrs. Rebecca Estes, Collettsville; Messrs. F. P. Moore, W. C. Moore, W. C. Moore, Jr., J. Claude Moore, Globe; Messrs. Harper Beall, Rufus Gwinn, M. M. Courtney, Ed. White, R. H. Holsclaw, Rev. Dan Moore, Lenoir.—*Gastonia Gazette*, Aug. 8, 1905.

The late Capt. James D. Moore, who died at his home in Gastonia Monday, was well known throughout the State. He was largely interested in five cotton mills and was a director of the School for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind here.—*Raleigh Post*.

The State has lost a valuable citizen, Gastonia one of its fathers, and the Baptist church one of its most loyal and liberal members, in the death of Mr. J. D. Moore. Whole pages might be written of his magnificent accomplishments in the field of enterprise, while the story of his generosity and devotion to the cause he loved can hardly be told at all. His sudden taking off is a grievous blow to his family and friends, to all of whom the *Argus* extends sympathy.—*Lumberton Argus*.

Capt. James D. Moore, one of the most prominent and best known citizens of Gastonia, N. C., died at his home in that place last Sunday after a brief illness. He was in his office as usual on Saturday and commenced complaining on Sunday. He had a coughing and vomiting spell and burst a blood vessel. A physician was sent for but nothing could be done. He died in a short time. Captain Moore was a leading promoter of the Modena Cotton Mills, the Dallas Manufacturing Company, the Moro-Webb Cotton Mills, and mills at Lenoir and Hudson. He was a man of very large means and carried life insurance amounting to \$65,000. He was a leading member in the Baptist church at Gastonia, and contributed liberally of his means in support of that organization.—*Yorkville, S. C., Enquirer*.

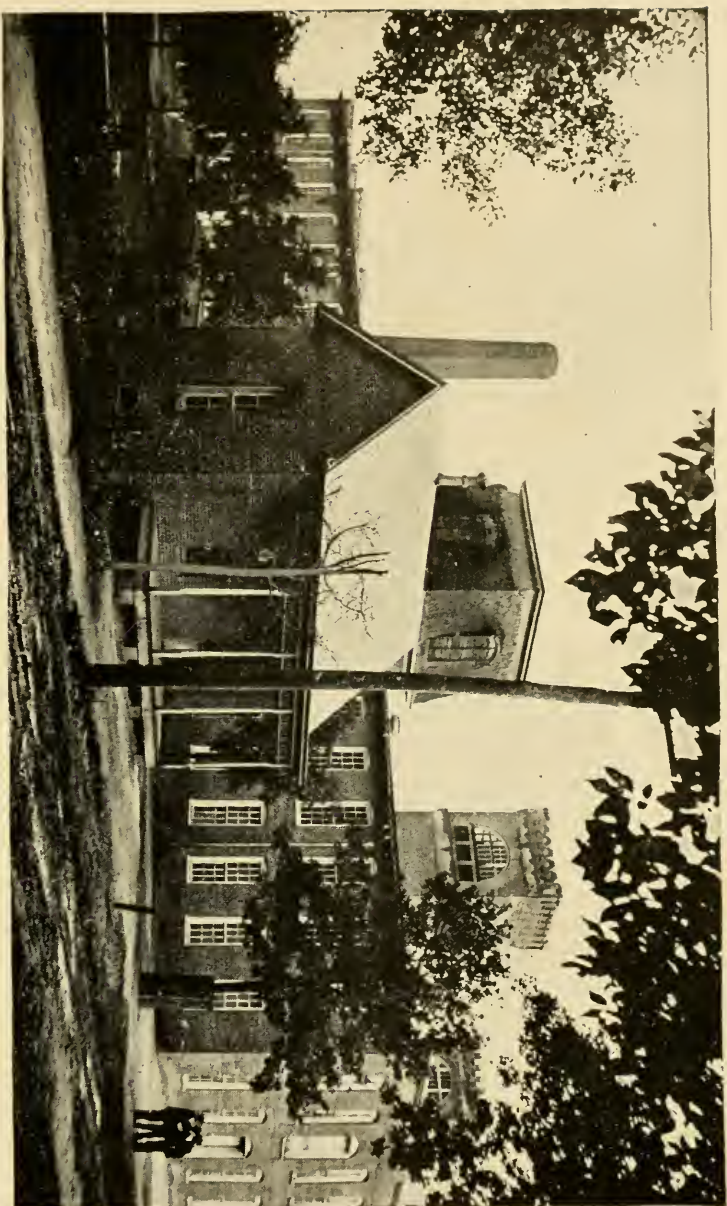
We were greatly shocked and grieved to read an account of the death of Capt. J. D. Moore, of Gastonia, in the *Charlotte Observer* of last Monday morning. He died at 11:30 Sunday morning. Capt. Moore was one of the leading business men of his section, but he was not too busy to give his first and best service to the Lord. A deacon in the First Baptist Church, and a man upon whom his pastor could lean and the church safely follow, he will be mourned and missed; and in his death the Orphanage has lost a faithful and generous friend. He was a man of large means and he knew what money was made for. May the stricken wife and children find help and healing at the feet of the "man of sorrow," who was "acquainted with grief!"—*Charity and Children, Thomasville, N. C.*

FROM THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

(Report of Memorial Committee at Reunion August 10, 1905.)

Your Committee, appointed to prepare a suitable memorial to those of our number who have died since our last annual meeting, beg leave to report that so far as your Committee can ascertain from the Secretary and from reports by comrades the following Confederate Veterans have died since our last meeting:

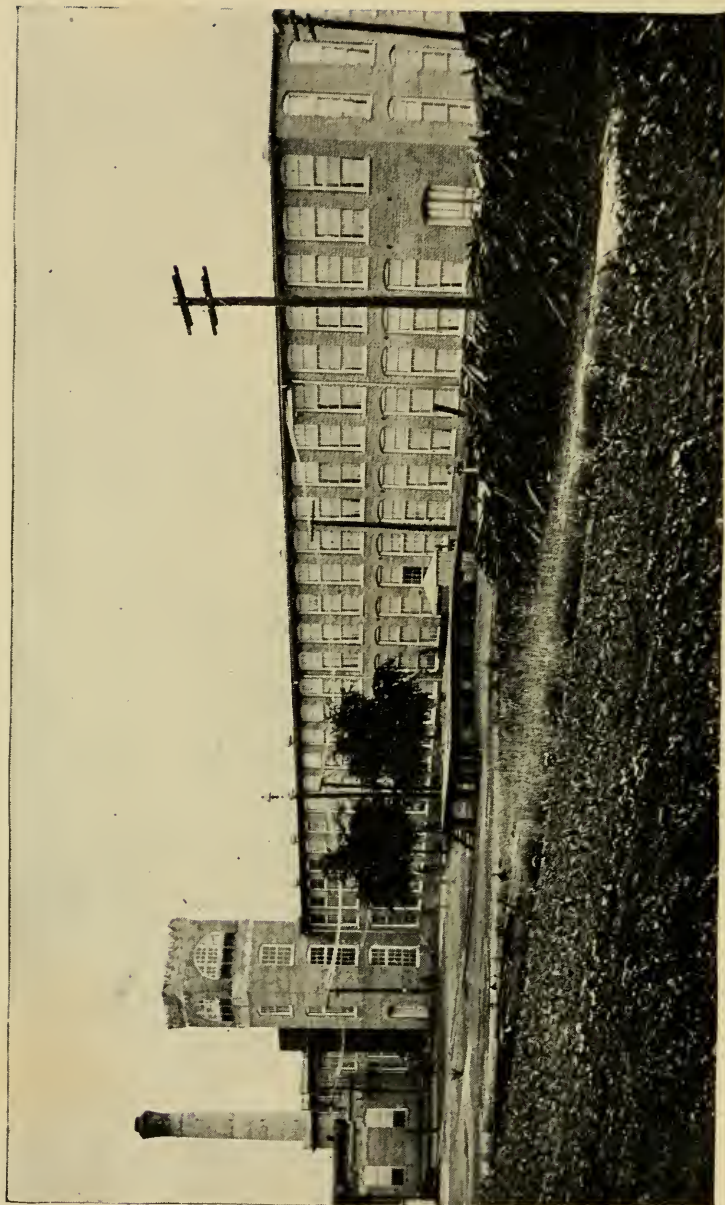
J. A. Morrow, Company B, Twenty-Eighth Regiment; S. S. White, Company C, Seventy-First Regiment; J. P. Sherrell, Company C, Seventy-First Regiment; W. A. Pearson, Company H, Forty-Ninth Regiment; J. D.



MODENA MILL, No. 1.



THE FACE WE SO OFTEN SAW AT
HIS DESK.



MODENA MILL No. 2.

Moore, Company F, Twenty-Sixth Regiment; Samuel Mauney, Company M, Sixteenth Regiment; M. V. Hovis, Company B, Twenty-Eighth Regiment; J. Logan Brown, Company H, Thirty-Seventh Regiment; H. F. White, Company M, Sixteenth Regiment (died in Arkansas). Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, 1st. That we desire, as an organization of Confederate Veterans and as individual citizens of Gaston County, to give public expression to our sincere and heartfelt sorrow at the death of these brethren and friends.

2d. That we desire to convey to the families and friends of the deceased our sorrow and tender to them our sympathy in the loss which has befallen them. Their sorrow is ours and we mourn not only neighbors but comrades who stood with us through the dark days that tried men's souls, and we express the hope that they have entered into that rest prepared for the weary sons of men after life's battles are over, who have been faithful to their God.

3d. That as a further token of our sorrow and as a tribute of respect the Secretary is directed to enroll these names, with company, regiment and date of death upon a special page of our records.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be published in the county papers and be spread upon our Minutes.

G. A. SPARROW,

J. B. CARSON,

R. M. GASTON,

Committee.

TRIBUTE BY KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

At a regular meeting of Gastonia Lodge, No. 53, Knights of Pythias, August 7, 1905, the undersigned committee was appointed to draft resolutions relative to the death of our brother Knight, Capt. J. D. Moore, which are submitted as follows:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call suddenly from our midst our beloved brother, Capt. J. D. Moore, and

WHEREAS, We desire to offer a testimonial of the high esteem in which he was held by every member of our lodge; therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That while we bow in humble submission to His Divine Will, we mourn the loss of a brother who was wise in council, strong, and always ready to aid all; a friend of broad sympathy and unfaltering devotion.

2. That as a Pythian Knight, as far as his brother Knights may judge, he was true to every Pythian obligation, and so lived as to bring honor upon our order; as a man he was conscientious, forceful, brave, modest, generous, gentle, loyal and of the finer feeling—truly a golden-hearted gentleman.

3. That in his death our community has lost a most useful man; the State a patriotic citizen; the church a useful officer and a faithful and consecrated member, and the family a tender and devoted husband and father.

4. That we extend to his devoted family our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad bereavement.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon a special page of the Minute Book of our lodge; a copy sent to the widow and family of our deceased brother.

6. That copies also be sent to our city papers, *Carolina Pythian, Biblical Recorder, North Carolina Baptist, Charlotte Observer, Charlotte News, Manufacturers' Record, Charity and Children, and Lenoir Topic.*

A. C. WILLIAMSON,

J. H. KENNEDY,

S. A. ROBINSON,

Committee.

BAPTISTS HAVE PRODUCED NO NOBLER MAN.

(From the *Biblical Recorder*, Raleigh, N. C., August 16, 1905. Re-printed also in Minutes of North Carolina Baptist Convention of that year.)

The noblest product of a church is a man. Christ lived and died to make men—to make a man. The best witness to Christ is a man. The Baptists in North Carolina have produced no nobler man than James Daniel Moore, of Gastonia, whose death we are called upon to mourn.

We have heard him relate how he began a cotton mill with fifty cents—a co-operative mill; and he lived to be one of the chief mill men of the South. But he never rose above his church. He loved her with a love like that of the early Christians. Nor did he ever rise above the wage-earners. He and his family were one with them. Our Gastonia church is by reason of his example a church in which no line is drawn. He was in Gastonia and that region what E. K. Proctor was to Lumberton and Robeson.

To have produced two such men is sufficient evidence of the vitality of a denomination. To be able to lose them to heaven—how hard it seems that they should go so soon!—is the mark of our strength.

“CAN NOT THINK OF HIM AS DEAD.”

(From the *Biblical Recorder* of September 6, 1905.)

Allow me, please, as one who knew and loved him well, to place one flower upon the grave of my former member and sincere friend, Capt. J. D. Moore, of Gastonia.

Since the first sad tidings came I have felt a deep sense of personal bereavement. I was his pastor for nearly five years, and during that

period the handsome new church structure was erected, a work sometimes bringing to the surface the angels and littleness of men, but, in Brother Moore, I always found a warm-hearted, broad-minded sympathizer and friend.

He was one of the best all-round Christian workers I have ever known; a man of great native ability and consequently many-sided. He was quite a genius in business circles, and managed wisely and well the very large interests committed to him. His ideas of the Master's work were world-wide, and hence he enthusiastically supported, in a very liberal way, all of our missionary and educational enterprises at home and abroad.

The home, social and business circles of Gastonia will sadly miss him, but no work or circle will miss him more than the church he loved so well and served so faithfully, and whose magnificent church building he, in hearty co-operation with another, who still survives, made largely possible. God bless his stricken home and raise up one of his boys at least to take up the work in his church and denomination when the Master commands him to lay it down.

I can not think of him as dead; there is no death for the Christian, and such was he.

"There is no death,—

An angel form steals on the earth with silent tread,

He bears our best loved things away,

And then we call them dead."

Sadly,

W. F. WATSON.

Monroe, N. C., August 28, 1905.

TRIBUTE BY HIS PASTOR.

(From the Biblical Recorder of August 23, 1905.)

Sunday morning, August 6th, at 11:30 o'clock the whole town of Gastonia was turned into mourning because of the sudden and unexpected death of Capt. J. D. Moore.

James Daniel Moore was born in Caldwell County, N. C., of godly parents, whose ancestry was Scotch-Irish and Dutch. He was converted in the winter of 1864-5 on the banks of the Meherrin River, in Virginia. The night he surrendered to Christ the mother back in her mountain home was pouring out her heart in prayer for her son's salvation. As she prayed she received the witness of the Spirit that her prayer had been answered, and she lifted her heart to God in praise and thanksgiving for her son's redemption.

In the summer of 1865 he was baptized by Elder R. H. Moody in John's River, and was received into the fellowship of Rocky Spring Church, of Caldwell County. From the day of his conversion he was known in business, in church, and in home as a godly man.

God gave him a strong body and an active and vigorous mind, both of which he dedicated to a most strenuous business life. As a result he was given a large and prosperous business. He looked upon every dollar that came into his hands as given him by his Master and spent it realizing that he was the Lord's steward. He loved to make money, but his greatest joy came in giving it to carry on the Lord's work. He said not long ago that he was sorry for the Christian who made money and had never tasted the joy of giving it.

His fellow-citizens, when in doubt, went to him for advice, when in trouble they went to him for sympathy, and when convicted of sin they went to him for spiritual instruction. A brother deacon said: "He was always approachable. He was the only man I have known with whom I could talk with perfect freedom upon the subject of religion." A devout negro many miles away said: "He has so often helped me—he gave to me, and asked me how I was coming on spiritually."

He loved his church. It was by his generous gifts and tireless efforts that the First Baptist Church was built in Gastonia. He was never too busy nor the weather too bad for him to attend all the services of the church—usually the first there and the last to leave. A recognized leader, but he sought to serve in the lowliest and humblest place in the sanctuary. No one could be more loyal to his pastor than he—so tender, so thoughtful, so true.

Capt. Moore had a great influence in his Association. He knew and felt its needs. He responded most heartily to every call to promote education and to give the Gospel to the people in its bounds. But his brethren will miss his wise counsel and his inspiring speeches most of all.

How we all loved him! The hundreds of people of his town, white and colored, the many from adjoining towns and country, and those from afar who came to view his remains and express their sympathy for the bereaved family, leaving the odor of sweet-scented flowers behind them, give us some idea how all who knew him loved him.

May the same Lord who took him from us comfort and keep our hearts by His Spirit while we joyfully strive to carry on the great work that he loved so well.

W. H. REDDISH.

Gastonia, N. C., August 16, 1905.

HIS MEMORY STILL FRESH AS THE DEW.

(Written for the Memorial Volume.)

As I stood by the new-made grave of Bro. J. D. Moore, long months ago, I had no idea that his life had been so deeply written on my heart as to remain fresh as the dew all this while. He had an abiding, enthusiastic interest in those things that are everlasting. This interest was so manifest and so large that every other interest was quickly removed to give place to it. He taught us how to "use the world as not abusing it," by

absolutely refusing to regard financial institutions of any sort as of greater value than "the little prayer-meeting," or "the little Sunday school class." He taught us this at a time when prosperity in the South was intoxicating stalwart men, and dragging them away like slaves tied to a chariot drawn by wild horses.

Any man is worthy of a place in this world, and a great monument to his memory, who succeeds in saving his Christian manhood while grappling with great financial problems. Bro. Moore attained to a beautiful spirituality in the midst of financial success—a rare gem this.

He succeeded in teaching us that "the world and the fulness thereof is the Lord's," and that we are only "the stewards of the manifold grace of God." What inroads he did make on his bank account for the sake of the blessed kingdom! He dared not make ventures for himself and family, and risk nothing for Him, who, having not seen, he loved.

The Word of God was to him a living, loving message which was meant to be incorporated in the life of every believer. He left footprints that will make his name dear to succeeding generations. The institutions of learning of every grade in this State know him. Churches over the land remember his timely aid. Friends are being cheered and encouraged by his silent tongue and sympathizing heart.

The great woman he loved and honored while he lived is walking in his footsteps, following her Lord.

O. L. STRINGFIELD.

Maiden, N. C., July 9, 1907.

CHAPTER IX.

A Character Great in Grateful Service.

I *should* like to know a man who just minded his duty and troubled himself about nothing; who did his own work and did not interfere with God's. How nobly he would work—working not for reward, but because it was the will of God! How happily he would receive his food and clothing, receiving them as the gifts of God! What peace would be his! What a sober gayety! How hearty and infectious his laughter! What a friend he would be! How sweet his sympathy!—George MacDonald.

(From the Gastonia Gazette of August 11, 1905.)

BORN of sturdy Scotch-Irish and Dutch ancestry in the mountains of Caldwell, James Daniel Moore inherited the versatile and solid qualities of native character on which, as a foundation, the beautiful superstructure of his life rested. Endowed with a strong body and alert faculties, brought to young manhood in a climate and atmosphere saturated with health-giving properties, he possessed a buoyancy of spirit, a smoothness of action, a litheness of energy, which fitted him for deeds of superior commission among his fellows. It is no wonder that such a youth, who could afterwards go beyond the proudest of his athletic companions by measuring 36 feet at three long jumps, should be found joining the Confederate army at fifteen, rollicking, marching, camping, fighting. At Seven Pines, in the Seven Days before Richmond, at Fredericksburg, the boy did a private soldier's part in covering Confederate arms with imperishable lustre. He breasted with a boy's bravery the red tide at Gettysburg; in the charge across the wheat field the colors of his company fell fourteen times; of 87 gallant fellows who swept cheering into the charge, 84 fell a sacrifice to the god of carnage. Only three reached the crest. See there! Moore goes down, the 85th, and his blood also, warm and red and true, mingled with the tide which in the first day's fight enriched that hostile soil. There was the faintness, the July heat, the awful thirst among the wounded. Then the hospital, slow recovery, and the field again. After the Crater he joins the cavalry, he is with Wade Hampton's matchless horsemen—but peace has come.

The boy had pious parents, pious neighbors; and in the army a sternly pious Methodist friend, older than he, who was a man of prayer. And the man of prayer prayed for the boy, wrestled and would not let go. The boy was converted and never ceased to revere the name of the good man Tuttle, to whose prayers he so often felt that he owed his awakening. How easily a beautiful passage from Bitter Sweet flows into mind:

Teach me the better way,
And every expiration from my lips
Shall be a grateful blessing on your head;
And in the coming world I'll seek the side
Of no more gracious angel than the man
Who gives me brotherhood by leading me
Home with himself to Heaven.

From the day of the young man's conversion the development of his grand character began. Others may serve God through fear of His wrath, yet others for hope of reward. This man was grateful, and served his whole life long through sheer joy of service, the abounding love of doing the Master's will.

And he grew, up and out as the mustard seed grows, up and strong as the oak grows, beautiful as buds unfold into bloom, rich as blossoms grow into dropping fruit.

* * *

He loved his fellow-men. As he had been prayed for, he prayed for others; as he had been saved, he sought to bring others into the same rich estate. A business man of large affairs, unloading from each day's rushing train a vast cargo of duties, disposing of each with attention and prudent care, he still grew in spirit, and was not choked by the brambles of the world. A fellow-deacon said, "He was always approachable. He is the one man I have known with whom I could talk with perfect freedom upon the subject of religion." A devout negro many miles away said, "He has so often helped me—he gave to me and asked me how I was coming on spiritually." Two extremes rather, but his sympathy easily encompassed both.

His good deeds, some of them, might be enumerated. But why? Cornice and column and arch and window and each stone carved from the quarry may be perfect in art and form, but why through narrowed vision peer at these in turn and miss the vision of the completed temple? There it stands fashioned after the plans of the Architect.

See each separate stone and miss the grandeur of the edifice; look at each leaf and lose the beauty of the tree.

* * *

A completed life? Completed? The tree was still growing.

Aye, the tree was living and had to grow to live. But may it not have been a perfect tree—trunk, leaf, graceful branches, all in assembled symmetry? Had it remained, its protecting branches would still have given shelter to the birds of the air, but it would have been none the more a perfect tree on this account—only longer in service, not more perfect in service. Take away the great oak in the forest, and the others around it will grow.

So sudden! He wished it so. "Suddenly, quickly, let my passing be," he often said. He did not wish to linger. "I find rest in a change of work: let me serve here until the call comes and then—work without labor."

And so it seems. Not before he was ready, but sooner even than he expected, the Master called him up higher to say, "Well done!"

A tree in the full tide of life, a shining palace builded of good deeds; a finished character.

CHAPTER X.

The Big Poplar: A Giant of the Woodland.*

Father, Thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
 All these fair ranks of trees.

—Bryant: *Forest Hymn*.

(From the *Progressive Farmer*, Raleigh, N. C., August 16, 1904.)

ON the west side of the Big Branch, over in the hollow beyond the Graveyard Hill, stood the Big Poplar—a giant among his fellows, friend of the smaller trees that looked up to him, his great protecting limbs soaring aloft above them. With what sauciness the gray squirrel scampered up its spacious trunk! How safe in its towering branches appeared the hawk on the lookout

*This exquisite bit of descriptive prose, as true a poem as ever shaped itself to man's poor words, breathing and throbbing and singing and sobbing with the very soul of the things described, was the first of a series of "Home Acre Sketches" in which with wonderful sympathy of perception and felicity of interpretation, Rev. Hight C. Moore has written of the life and beauty of his native heath—the Globe Valley. It caught the attention of Mr. J. D. Moore on sight and he read this, as well as others of the sketches, with exuberant feelings of pleasure, not only on account of his interest in their author, but because of the intrinsic merit of the sketches themselves and of the early associations they so vividly recalled. This first sketch of the series was written and published about a year before Mr. Moore's death. At the time, there was no thought of such application in the mind of the author or of the rest of us; but now that Mr. Moore is gone, how typical it all seems! If the life of J. D. Moore, the stalwart son of that hill-encircled valley, the man out in the world among his fellows, and that life's sudden, crashing end were to be portrayed in allegory, how could it be done with more fidelity and beauty than we find in this exquisite life story of the Big Poplar, written, as we have said, with not the remotest dream in the mind of the author that he was almost penning prophecy when he wrote it! These observations, it is believed, will be sufficient to explain why this sketch is included among the chapters composing this memorial volume.

for little chicks, the crow gorged with sweet up-springing corn, the sonorous "Hoot" owl on his midnight vigil!

Right by it led the path up the hollow to the old Coffey Place; in fact, one of its roots gave a jolt to every cart and wagon that passed, and here more than one boy, hurrying the cows to the pasture, stumped the blood out of his toe. The sort of a tree you would notice in a multitude of trees; just as you have seen men whom you would single out in an audience of a thousand or would stop on a busy thoroughfare to follow with your eyes or to speak about to your companion. Such a magnificent, kingly thing was this poplar, a very Saul of the woodlands, head and shoulders above all about him.

* * *

Many have been the map-changing years since the birth of the Big Poplar in this narrow nook some unregistered day in the long, long ago. Here it stood before the first of an unbroken line of Jesse Moores, back in later colonial days, cleared away the cane-brake along John's River, carved out a home amid these encircling mountains, and called the valley Globe. Rattle of flintlocks at King's Mountain, buzz of the Hornets of Mecklenburg, or, earlier still, the music of the merry-makers in Tryon's Palace and the cooing of little Virginia Dare—were they not in those ante-wireless days borne hither on wings of ether to the high topmost boughs of the Big Poplar? Oh what has not its mantled ears heard—what is not inwrought in its inmost fibers? Silent sphinx of the hills, unspeaking, majestic, yet content with Big Branch hollow, undiscordant neighbor for unnumbered years.

And how long it was in the making! A very prodigal with decades and even centuries; thousands of daily summer suns; millions of rain-drops and snow-flakes and breeze-kisses and dew-sparkles. On and on went the work of growth day and night; up and down rushed the tide of life, spring and autumn; and above it always the sleepless, inescapable eye of the Infinite!

Yet, you may be sure, the Big Poplar did not reach his proud position without a life of struggle; no greatness is ever achieved without that. The infant tree was no doubt exposed repeatedly to the hostile tread of prowling beasts, to the downfall of crash-

ing limbs, or perchance to the uprooting freshets of the Big Branch. Yet it survived: survived the ice and snow and clinging sleet of winter; withstood the storm of pelting hail and bough-breaking wind; heard unmoved the deafening thunder reverberating through the valley; saw the sun veiled by eclipse as if forecasting the final Judgment; felt the shock of earthquake, yet stood his ground! No; the Big Poplar, like the poetic saint, was not, and could not be—

“ . . . carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease.”

* * *

Beautiful, grand forest-monarch, unconquered by any natural foes, only man shall be thy master and—thy murderer! Once in a while it was smitten by the axe of the woodman as he cleared away the underbrush about it making way for pasture. Sometimes the rail-splitter would figure on the fencing that could be made out of it, but the Big Poplar was left standing. The house-builder saw in it an abundance of good lumber, but the logs would away. The wood-getter wished for some magic wand whereby he could change it into many cords of stove-wood, sawed and split and seasoned and stored. Ah, man was eyeing the Big Poplar, sizing him up, making calculations about him, coolly getting ready for the massacre, awaiting the opportune moment for slaughter. Yet still the Big Poplar stood there in the Big Branch pasture, smaller trees now shorn from around it, the cattle grazing at its base or chewing the cud beneath its summer shade!

At last the lumberman came into that quiet valley and surveyed the virgin forests mantling its crests, slopes and hollows. The siren jingle of silver won the consent of the neighborhood land-owners and so sentence of death was passed upon many a fine oak, chestnut, pine, poplar, cherry and walnut. Never mind the business side of it; that was all right—it was a financial blessing to the people, developing latent resources and throwing into their hands many a dollar that would never have gotten into the county. But what lover of Nature can see unmoved a forest shorn of its glory, mangled, scarred, mutilated, dying? Or who would not

resent the slaughter of a great tree thick with early associations, fraught with heart-secrets and memories, innocent as the whitest flake out of the snow-cloud?

* * *

Of course the Big Poplar was doomed. Sharp the axes were ground that morning; their keen edges were driven by brawny arms toward the heart of the mighty tree. Blow after blow, blow after blow, and at last—the monarch of the Big Branch hollow wavered like a wounded eagle arrow-struck in mid-air, then down with a shriek and crash, shaking the hillsides and sending its echoes out into and up and down the valley!

And with such a dying groan the Big Poplar, wakeful every moment for many a long year, fell asleep on the bosom of Mother Earth.

* * *

Sharp and keen and swift the saw severing the fallen trunk once, twice, thrice, four times; and the fine old poplar is nothing now but uneven stump, broken branches, and big saw-logs. Let stump and branches rot, burn, or cumber the ground; out with the logs, and on to the mills and the markets!

In come the slow strong oxen under the whip and yell of their drivers. The logs one by one are secured, the word is said, the yokes are strained, and the home of the Big Poplar is left behind forever. Through a ford of the Big Branch, on by the Graveyard Hill, then across the Gate Field, and down to the bank of the clear, dashing, shallow, torrential John's River. Here, and almost in sight of the stump, the huge logs, already scarred and begrimed, are left to await a freshet started by the splash-dams up the valley or caused by the downpour of the clouds. Then into the swollen, surging stream the logs are rolled. The current seizes them, hurls them against one another, drags them over the grinding rocks, bears them onward by overlooking mountains and beneath weeping skies, on through Sideling Hill Gorge out of their native valley, on and on till they are caught by the long arm of the lumberman's boom and swung out of the water. Then

the sawyer does his work, ripping them into slabs and planks and sawdust; then the hot kiln, till water and sap are gone; then the transporting cars and the transforming factory, re-sawing, planing, fitting, manufacturing; and then each piece to its place in residence, school room, office or store, far away in the lowlands or across the sea!

So where is the Big Poplar to-day? One plank in a Gastonia coffin, a strip in the drawer of a High Point desk, shavings in Lenoir, slabs at Collettsville, a few log splinters at Sideling Hill, some pieces of bark in the Gate Field, and the old stump still on the banks of the Big Branch!

* * *

I stand by the old stump, mark its decay, walk around its crumbling base: vacant air above, where the proud tree rose; no chattering squirrel now in lofty boughs; no cud-chewers lying on the grass in the leafy shade. Ah, no! The axe and the ox, the river and the saw, have done their work. The remains of the woodland giant are scattered more widely and worse than the bones in the valley of Ezekiel's vision: weatherboarding here under the constant assault of the elements; desks there for school children to mark up and whittle; coffins yonder for the burial of the dead! Scattered, widely scattered; and there is no prophet to recall them here and re-erect the magnificent life of the past.

A dead, irrevocable love is the Big Poplar now, but ever shall it be a sweet and living memory.

HIGHT C. MOORE.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA,
August, 1904.

CHAPTER XI.

The Crossing.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

—Tennyson: Crossing the Bar.

THEN there came forth a summons for Mr. Standfast. This Mr. Standfast was he whom the rest of the pilgrims found upon his knees in the Enchanted Ground. And the post brought it to him open in his hands: the contents thereof were, that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer. At this Mr. Standfast was put into a muse. Nay, said the messenger, you need not doubt of the truth of my message; for here is a token of the truth thereof, "Thy wheel is broken at the cistern."

In such fashion does John Bunyan, near the end of his good and very beautiful story, begin to relate to us how the final summons was answered by one of his pilgrims. This allegory of the passing of Mr. Standfast is so apt in very many respects to the case in hand that the compiler of these pages has not been able to gain his consent to omit it. The death of Mr. Moore was sudden, as sudden as the breaking of the wheel at the cistern, but that does not signify that he was unprepared for this supreme moment. Far from it. On the contrary, he had mused over the summons many times during his earthly sojourn, and had spent his Christian life setting in order his spiritual affairs against the day when he should be called away. And it so happened that after he was gone his four sons discovered among his records that even the condition of his earthly estate had been set down in order by this prudent man less than two months before he passed over to be with his Lord. He had so lived indeed as if believing the time of his summons to be ever near and as if he foreknew that the manner of his going would be swift and quick. Not a few times had he spoken of it, saying that he wished in this way to take his departure, to go suddenly from the midst of life's

activities, without being permitted to linger long in helpless affliction or lag superfluous in decrepit old age. And it was so. On the fourth Sunday in July he taught the Sunday school lesson; it was on the Gracious Invitation, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." The following week, while on a mountain trip for needed recreation, he attended a Gospel mission meeting at Three Forks Baptist Church in Watauga County, where, according to a newspaper correspondent, "he filled his place well in the discussions, making two or three great speeches," one of them having been delivered Sunday on the subject of the Holy Spirit. The following week he returned home. Saturday he was in his business office at work, and on the next day he was taken. Being prepared, he needed no warning of incurable disease, and, being obedient, he needed no discipline of long suffering.

There is another similitude or two in this allegory of the departure of Mr. Standfast. In the further part of the story, which shall be set down presently, it is related that "there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about halfway in, stood a while and talked with his companions that had waited upon him hither." Now, when Mr. Moore was taken, it was on the Lord's day at an hour of great calm. With him were his physician, his beloved wife, and his son—these were the companions of his last hours. And if it had been permitted to him to speak to them when he was "about halfway in" the river, his last words, it is easy for us to think, would have been so like those of Mr. Standfast that we can almost hear his voice; so often, while he was yet with us, did we hear him speak words that were like them.

Having shown the reason wherefore we have mentioned the further part of the allegory about the last words of Bunyan's saint, let us now give them as narrated in the book:

"When Mr. Standfast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about halfway in, stood a while, and talked with his companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said, This river has been a terror to

many; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me; but now methinks I stand easy; my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood while Israel went over Jordan. (Josh. 3:17.) The waters indeed are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of the convoy that waits me on the other side, do lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me as a civet-box; yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet, and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He hath held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his way.

“Now, while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed; his strong man bowed under him: and after he had said, Take me, for I come unto Thee, he ceased to be seen of them.

“But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players upon stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate.”

And now that he has crossed over, it is so that when we would recall the last message of our dear dead friend, we find ourselves recalling his life, his gentle words, his good deeds, his kind heart, his fervent prayers, and his steadfast faith, through all of which he yet speaks. The fragrance of his life breathes upon us like a sweet benediction from the past. Our memory of him is set with pleasing thoughts as the fields are starred with many flowers. Passing along the way appointed for him to walk, he perfected day by day his preparation for the summons, whether at morning, noon, or midnight, which should mark his journey's end; and when the summons came he was ready. The spirit in which he

ordered his daily walk is beautifully portrayed in the following brief passage; and as we look back upon his now completed life, his example still beckoning to us with its persuasive influences, we may each feel moved to no more fitting aspiration than that breathed by the stricken poet in these lines:

Thus

I wish to live, life's aims subserved to God;
And each continued day and hour regard
As special gifts to be improved for him;
To wear the girdle of the world about my loins
So loosely that a moment will suffice
To break the clasp and lay it down.

CHAPTER XII.

A Sun-Crowned Life.

"Son of Hur," he said, gravely, "the Lord has been good to you in these later years. You have much to be thankful for. Is it not time to decide finally the meaning of the gift of the great fortune now all in your hands, and growing?"

"I decided that long ago. The fortune was meant for the service of the giver; not a part, Simonides, but all of it. The question with me has been, How can I make it most useful in his cause?"

—From the last chapter of *Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ*.

(Funeral address by Rev. F. C. Hickson, of Gaffney, S. C., at the First Baptist Church of Gastonia, August 8, 1905.)

SEVERAL years ago I stood on Caesar's Head and saw the sun set. The mountain peaks to the westward are of such varied heights as to break the light of the setting sun into the seven colors of the rainbow. I had seen the sun that day at noon in all its might and glory. But its light dazzled me; it was not half so beautiful as now. I knew J. D. Moore in the glare and glory of his active, splendid life. It was glorious to see him live. But now at the sunset there breaks across the horizon a halo of beauty radiant and glorious. His life has fallen upon me to-day with unspeakable sweetness and blessing.

When I ought to be weeping for my loss, my soul is thrilled as the memory of his life plays like a skilled musician upon every chord of my heart and makes an anthem of delight in the chamber of my soul. I can not weep. I want to sing. I am full of joy.

When the pastor asked me to say something, I could not choose a text for the press of passages that presented themselves to my mind. I shall just let a few of these passages, with some of their lessons, come and lay themselves upon your hearts. How full and rich and sweet and blessed is the Bible on occasions like this!

* * *

You remember when that good woman Dorcas died and they sent for Peter, not to preach her funeral, but to raise her again to life, those who had been the recipients of various articles of her handiwork came and held them up there in the presence of her silent body and of Peter and the rest, and said, "See here what

kindness she did me," each possibly touching in gratitude those fingers now so quiet, so strangely idle. It was so natural. They had gratitude before, but never like now. Would it not be a great funeral for J. D. Moore if every one who has ever received some token of his love were to hold them up here before his poor dead face? Is there one in all this town and country who would not have his tribute to pay? When I got off the train to-day and started to his home, as I have so often done, at the first corner I came upon a group of colored people. They were talking of Mr. Moore, and they wept as they talked. Each remembered that he had done him or her a kindness. Ah! If I were to bring every token of his kindness done to me and lay it beside his casket here, there would be no room for any one else in this house. "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to one of my disciples shall not lose his reward."

* * *

Some one in Charlotte made the inquiry, "How much was J. D. Moore worth when he died?" I said I don't know about his possessions here in this world. It is a wonder if he has anything, he was so lavish in his giving. But I do know he has a very large fortune in heaven to-day. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them"—that is, the accumulation of their life goes along with them. This is how it is we lay up treasure in heaven. Jesus, our blessed Redeemer, purchased eternal life for us and gave us a glorious mansion in his Father's home all free. But when he gave us this new life he said, "Use it and all its accumulations shall be your inheritance above."

J. D. Moore was not poor of money in this world. He acquired from the very start and increased all the way along. He was too good a steward not to be entrusted largely with the Lord's money. But all this bank and factory stock and real estate and money seem a paltry sum to him to-day as he takes stock among his heavenly goods. One day I went up stairs into a sick room. The man said he had been taken sick on his arrival here and had not

done a day's work and his wife had been compelled to stay in and nurse him till they had spent all they had brought with them. I said, "We can furnish you some." "No need," he answered, "Mr. Moore came up here to-day and saw us, and went away and sent us everything we need." Time after time I have heard him say, "Send to my store and get whatever you need and it won't be charged to you." I used to wonder how he managed to find every case of need. He never needed to be reminded of a case of want. He knew every house in this town where there was trouble or need and he was at their service, and they knew it. He kept no books against the Lord and the poor, he just poured out unto them as he had opportunity and rejoiced to do it. Little did he then think or care what a splendid business proposition that sort of life was. He knows to-day. I think I can see him as with blushing surprise he asks, "When, when, did I do this for you, Master?"

* * *

Not only did he lay up his money in heaven. There never was a sweeter balm in Gilead than the voice of J. D. Moore. Some people go to the great conservatories of music to train their voices to sing. J. D. Moore went surely to the great school of Christ and trained his voice to soothe an aching heart. Many and many a one here to-day could testify with me of how, when they looked into that handsome face, beaming with love, and listened to his gentle, sweet, honest words, the oil of healing came. This was not once. His face was a beam of sunshine and his voice a song of joy from one end of this town to the other the most of his life. Every time I look down at that casket there I find myself about to say, "God bless you, I thank you; with all my heart, I thank you!" I shall count it one of the sweetest privileges in heaven to take J. D. Moore by the hand and, in the presence of my Lord, tell him of the many kindnesses he did me here; and I am sure my Lord will reward him.

* * *

I am so glad that while he was yet alive I told him what I thought of him. On one occasion since I left here I preached

from this text, "Ye tithe mint and anise and cummin and neglect the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy and faith." I used the most delicate and accurate balance to illustrate justice. The just man would not put the tiniest particle of dust in the balances to make it pull down in his favor. I wrote to him and said, "That is my opinion of you: and more, I believe you always fulfill that other principle of the law and put more in your fellow-man's side than your own." I never knew a more honorable man than J. D. Moore. He loved to make money. His eye kindled with delight at the prospect of business which paid. If anything could depress his spirits it was depression of business. And yet I but speak what every one here who knew him will agree to, that if J. D. Moore could have had the fortune of Rockefeller for one lie, he would not have paid the price. More than that, I believe if financial reverses had overtaken him such as would have forced a choice of paying his honest debts and leaving himself and family penniless he would have paid his debts—and no man loved his wife and children better than he. But he loved his honor above life itself. There never lived a truer man than J. D. Moore. He was so tender of heart for the feelings of others that I once was about to question whether he were acting perfectly true to himself and the Cause. But I stopped, and said, "If you hadn't gone as far as the farthest of Pickett's men at Gettysburg and was brought off broken and bleeding from shot and shell, I'd call you a coward." He smiled and a tear came into my eye. Ah, he would do to trust!

* * *

I said that Bro. Moore would turn that scale in his fellow-man's favor—he was a merciful man. His whole life was proof of that, in that he was always carrying other people's loads. But did you notice that he never asked you to carry his load for him?

If ever there was a man who "Gave others the sunshine and told Jesus the rest," that man was J. D. Moore. I said to him one day, "Bro. Moore, you have borne so many of my burdens and carried so many of my sorrows, I would like to help you bear some of your troubles; but you never tell me any of them.

Do you never have any troubles?" "Yes," he answered, "but the Lord can manage them better than you can, and then you have enough of your own." This was not because he despised human sympathy. No man desired more than he the good opinion and kindly sympathy of his fellow-men. He was a modest man and used to hold down his head when I said kind things about him, but the expression on his face showed his heart was full. He didn't tell me his troubles because he didn't want to distress me.

* * *

It saddens me to think I shall never see that face again, and never more be charmed by the lithe, joyous spring of his splendid form as he walks our streets. But his higher and better self is with me still and shall remain. He has joined that great cloud of witnesses who hold us in full survey, and his presence there shall add to the inspiration and aspirations we feel in this Christian race. He will walk by my side and speak comfortingly to me still. More than ever he has come into my heart and life, and become a potential factor in my every act. I thank God that I knew him and walked with him in his life, but greater is my gratitude that he walks with me more closely and helpfully now. His memory shall be blessed forevermore; but more than ever his presence shall cheer and help me.

"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."



ASLEEP.



